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The League of Discord

IT was one of the strangest features of the Great War that while the men of the Anglo-Saxon race were grappling with the most terrible realities, their political guides, aided by a certain school of writers, poured out upon them an endless flood of illusions. Thus the motives which drove the nations of the Entente to offer up limb and life in battle were the plainest, the simplest, and the most powerful which can prompt human action. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Belgians were fighting to save themselves and their children from death or abject slavery and their womenfolk from the foulest outrage. In that tremendous conflict they made their effort, not as individuals, but as members of their respective nations, and the national principle, which is but the principle of the family writ large, was necessarily and manifestly paramount. The whole upheaval constituted the most gigantic explosion of nationality as a motive force which the world has ever witnessed. The men of the British Dominions were animated in essence by the same impulse, as they knew well that their own fate was bound up with that of the Allies, while national pride and national interest, both assailed by the German submarines, were the impelling causes of the entry of the United States into the strife.

Yet in the very face of these irrefutable and glaring facts many politicians here, and some in America, most notably, of course, ex-President Wilson, persistently attributed other reasons for their appeal to arms to the multitudes of warring men to whom they were supposed to play the part of advisers and sages. The politicians said that the war was being waged to end war, which was utterly untrue, for though everyone concerned on our side would

have been immensely glad to attain such a result, that was not its object, or its cause, since, clearly, we had to fight equally, whether there was any such chance or not. They declared, too, that the aim was the supersession of the national principle by some higher system of united action, which would have been an odd effect of the greatest demonstration of the power of that principle ever witnessed in the history of the world. Very strangely, again, they invoked this national principle in the new idea of "self-determinism" at the same moment that they proclaimed its dethronement. All this and much more unspeakable nonsense, such as that about "making the world safe for democracy," was forced down the throats of the framers of peace terms at Versailles by Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, in spite of the opposition of M. Clemenceau, who at least, if report can be trusted, perceived its true nature. "Ce Monsieur Wilson a quatorze points," he is said to have observed, "mais le bon Dieu n'en a que dix."

The figments of the politicians were adopted and written up after the war by the journalists whose services the former were able to command in the Press, and also by various scribes of that academic, verbose type (represented, for instance, by Mr. H. G. Wells) which is peculiarly incapable of recognising the simplest facts even when these are testified to by the most tremendous evidence ever set forth on earth. The masses of the Western peoples were struggling to avert from themselves abject subjugation, to keep the actual German lash from their skins, and to save their wives and daughters from the last shame which brutality can inflict. That the poor, ill-used Germans, whom the French are alleged to have treated so cruelly in the Ruhr, definitely designed to impose such horrors on us has been now quite clearly established, and it was instinctively perceived by the great majority of Englishmen and Frenchmen during the strife. The only persons who failed to see this immensely obvious incentive were the politicians and the super-intellectual shapers of opinion.

The capacity for self-deception and for believing that which it was desired to believe was never perhaps more conspicuously displayed than in the extension of the fiction concerning the motive of the war to the creation of an

instrument, christened the League of Nations, by which that object was hoped to be achieved. And because the end in view was admirable, therefore it was held sacrilege to doubt the efficacy of the means. Yet it does not follow that because you wish to save the life of a drowning man you must not point out that the rope thrown to him is rotten and that if he trusts to it he will perish.

This simile indicates the true ground for criticism of the organisation now functioning, or failing to function, at Geneva. The arrest of war is an object desired by all nations and individuals in whom goodwill is dominant and sanity reigns. But how can peace be secured when any great nation is animated by malignancy or by a fierce ambition, or when a whole people is carried away by a burst of fury? Our Labour leaders, for instance, who really seem as incapable of reasoned reflection as so many rabbits, press for the admission of Germany into the League of Nations. Suppose that League to have been in existence before 1914, and Germany to have been a member of it, as she certainly would have been. Does anyone imagine that she would, on that account, have forgone her long-laid plans to attain world predominance, that she would have abandoned the hope to wrest from England mastery at sea, or to crush France and strike down Russia? Would her membership of the League have deflected in the slightest degree the intentions which led her to bring about the World War, or could the League itself, by any boycott or economic blockade, have prevented the German and Austrian Empires from making the attempt which plunged the world into blood?

Or suppose, again, that the sanguinary despots now in control of Russia were admitted at this time into the fellowship of the League. Would the nature of those ferocious ruffians thereby be changed? If not, in what respect would that admission advantage the cause of peace, of order, and of civilisation?

In the nature of things, the League must mainly deal with each cause of dispute which comes before it on the basis of written documents, that is, of treaties and agreements previously made. But these are the very things which, when they stand in its way, an ambitious and aggressive Government conscious of possessing force will view

with contempt, just as Germany derided her undertaking not to violate the neutrality of Belgium. If, or when, Germany and Russia, for instance, become militarily and economically united, would any such documentary barriers hinder them from seeking the fulfilment of their desires? Does anyone, even a Labour leader like Mr. Henderson, or a fanatic like Lord Robert Cecil, deem restraint of this kind possible? But failing such obedience, how is the much vaunted League to foil their aims, save by war waged with such overwhelming forces as will secure victory.

Apart, however, from nations moved by aggressive instinct, the League is and must remain equally impotent, even in the case of unaggressive peoples, in regard to all questions which they hold vital to their being. Thus the United States, even if it joined the League or some similar association, would never submit to its award either the Monroe doctrine or the immense world issue of the entrance and the grant of citizenship to Asiatics. In like manner, neither would any British Dominion transfer its sovereign decision of this matter to the League, nor would the Japanese abandon their claims at the League's behest. But when the principal subjects affecting the future of the continents of America, Asia, and most of Africa, not to mention Australia and New Zealand, are thus removed from the scope of the League's authority, it is evident that the limitations of its possible usefulness in preventing war are somewhat considerable.

To the reasons already given for not trusting the maintenance of peace to the Genevan machine, any more than a man walking along the side of a precipice should confide his weight to a reed, we must add the prevalence at times in all countries of two very human attributes, namely, anger and folly. War does not always come by deliberate intent, as it came in the recent instance of the Teutonic empires. It comes frequently when a people is possessed suddenly by rage at some real or fancied insult, and it is sometimes brought about by sheer frenzied fatuity.

Of the former cause we have just had an impressive example with regard to Italy. The Italian nation as a whole was certainly behind Mussolini in his demands upon Greece, and would have furiously called for war had there

been no prospect of their satisfaction. When a dog, or a man, is really carried away by rage, nothing short of superior force can hold him back from assault. In the case of a great nation, the exertion of such force means war, and war of uncertain issue in which the assumed delinquent is almost certain to find allies. Thus we get the paradox that war is to be made to prevent war, and blood to be poured out by the peacemakers. This is precisely the grotesque madness which we have actually seen contemplated in the last few weeks by the devotees of Geneva. The intervention of the British Fleet to thwart the alleged designs of the Italian dictator was hinted at not obscurely in certain newspapers. Exhausted England, to whom the maintenance of peace was never more vitally essential, was to attack its ancient friend and ally at the mandate of the League whose *raison d'être* is to avert strife. That such ideas could be entertained by any sane beings, and that an English Cabinet Minister, in the person of Lord Robert Cecil, could speak in a strain which tended to encourage such criminal idiocy, are clear proofs both of the dangers which lurk in the constitution of the League of Nations, and also of the fact that its supporters have lost that balanced judgment which alone could give their activities any chance of success. As for Lord Robert Cecil, he is quite obviously what is generally termed " a crank," which implies that in any public position he is a public peril. For by " a crank " is meant a man whose opinion is valueless and whose sense of proportion is gone.

What follows from this reasoning is that, in the present state of the world and of human nature, no League of Nations, or other mechanism which man can devise, is able to thrust aside the hideous possibility of further war. To face this grim actuality is better than to live in that world of dreams which constitutes the paradise of fools. As for the existing League, it is in itself, as we have just seen, a further menace to peace. It is far more likely to provoke another catastrophe through the wild foolishness of its adherents than to render any solid help to the avoidance of conflict. To escape that immense evil, we can depend only on a wise and sane diplomacy, itself based on a national policy representing national needs. To frame that policy, to exercise that diplomacy, we require

the presence in the Government of the ablest men whom this country can supply. Here we reach the special weakness of our present democratic system, which is that it fails utterly to provide a path by which the best men can come to the front. To get them there is the real problem on the solution of which the prosperity of any nation must in the long run depend; but would anyone dare to affirm that we in England achieve that success at present? We have prated about the virtues of "democratic government" until the words are abhorrent to every thinking person, but what England, and the British Empire, and the whole world want now is not democratic government, but good government; and to get good government you must have in power men who unite the highest character with the greatest ability to be found in a people.

It is precisely at this point that democracy fails. It tends rather to deter than to attract those thus endowed. To flatter the mob, as in former days courtiers flattered kings, to pander to its greed and in doing that to beggar the national future by wasting the capital essential to national industry—these are the readiest methods by which in a modern democracy office can be attained. Those methods lead not to the prosperity of the masses, but towards their misery and ruin, and while on that road they tend to produce disorder and discontent due to an ever-increasing violence of proletarian claims. The failure of democracy is already written large across the face of Europe, and it looms on the horizon of the United States. The Fascist movements resemble the efforts of nature to shake off disease, for, let us repeat, good government, not democratic government, is the crying need of our time.

And that is the best Government which secures the best men as its chiefs.

In the November number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW *an incisive and illuminating article will be published, written by M. Stéphane Lausanne, editor-in-chief of "Le Matin," who was closely in touch with many of the prime movers in the inception of the League of Nations.*

Current Comments

The Entente Wreckers

WHEN in September we ventured strongly to condemn the policy of the British Government in regard to Reparations, as calculated to endanger the Entente, we expressed also confidence in the early triumph of the French measures to bring Germany to book and in a wise French patience which would go far to mitigate the logical consequences of our persistent refusal to co-operate with our Allies, while we encouraged our late enemies. When it is remembered that, in addition to this attitude of our Government, the majority of our Press and politicians united in a campaign of vilification of the French policy as ruinous both to European peace and to British trade, and as based upon a neo-Napoleonic Imperialism which aimed at establishing France as military dictator of Europe, it is no exaggeration to say that the Entente was in peril. Many, indeed, of the writers whom we quoted did not hesitate to describe it as already dead.

The triumphant vindication of the French policy in the Ruhr seems now to be assured, and if, notwithstanding German willingness to settle, the results fall short of expectations, that will be simply because, owing to our failure to support our Allies, German chaos has gone much further than would otherwise have been necessary. Human nature being what it is, it would not have been surprising if the timidity, not to say the antagonism, of the British Ministry, and the chorus of bitter abuse of France in our press had produced a revulsion of French feeling against the Entente which, in her practically single-handed struggle to exact reparations, has so woefully belied its promise. This clearly was the aim for which the sinister influences that for so long seem to have been inspiring our policy were working. The Government were of course perfectly innocent of any desire to wreck the Entente and we are convinced that the mass of the

nation are determined to maintain it. It is the more amazing, therefore, that neither has perceived the danger towards which we were rapidly drifting.

The New France

WITHIN the last few days we have had the opportunity of discussing the situation with the editors of many of the leading journals, high officials of the Foreign Office, and men of business in Paris. In contradiction to the totally distorted views so persistently expressed of late by English writers and speakers as to French aims and aspirations, and particularly as to the sentiments supposed to prevail in France towards Great Britain, we record our emphatic belief that there is no responsible Frenchman who does not fervently desire to preserve the Entente and who is not fully sensible of the great sacrifices made by this country in our alliance against an enemy still a potential menace to our common freedom. Furthermore, we are convinced that Frenchmen entertain no dreams of Imperialism or military domination, although they have a lively sense of the necessity to secure themselves against another and possibly final attempt to destroy them by Germany—perhaps united with Russia—a natural instinct just now strangely dormant in England, where so lately national emotion was fanned to such a white heat.

The impression gained from a study of French mentality to-day is one of its extreme sanity, of a resolute determination to compel the late enemy to contribute to his utmost capacity to the repair of the vast damage which he inflicted, and peacefully to develop internal resources so as to render France as far as possible economically self-dependent. Above all is the passionate desire for peace. There is no longer even any violent bitterness against Germany. No Frenchman imagines that seventy million people can be kept in misery and bondage. Live and let live is the universal sentiment. Instead of the anger which might have been engendered by the British attitude we could discover nothing but puzzled regret at our strange inability to think with Gallic clarity and logic.

It is impossible to read one of M. Poincaré's recent speeches without realising that here is a man who looks out upon the tangled problems which surround his country with penetrating logic and balanced discernment, with the

calm courage born of conviction and with unshakable determination to stand his ground.

In the affairs of nations, as in those of individuals, victory goes to such men, and it has come, or is coming, to M. Poincaré. France could have found no leader to typify more perfectly her post-war spirit, and there is no statesman at the head of any other nation to-day so well qualified to restore and maintain the most cordial friendship with England and to win from Englishmen admiration and respect.

Why?

How comes it, then, that England, which five years ago was rejoicing with France over the common victory at last in sight, should have seen her Government, and a great part of her Press, engaged in encouraging her enemies against her Allies? It is not, of course, surprising to find all those who were striving to bring about the defeat of their own country in the war, the cranks, and the peace-at-any-pricers, howling for a break with France, but it is astounding that many leaders of the Conservative Party and some leading newspapers should have failed to combat such views, even if they did not actually approve them.

Some dangerous microbe would seem to have got into Fleet Street and to have infected many journalists, previously sane, with a passing madness, of which ere long they are likely to be profoundly ashamed, or, at least, discreetly oblivious.

It would be extremely interesting to speculate upon and investigate the causes of this strange aberration, which happily has left the great mass of the nation wholly untouched.

Redivivus

If there were no hope of an early improvement in Anglo-French relations, such an analysis would certainly need to be undertaken by the friends of the Entente, and it could not fail to reveal the fact that the nation and its Government have been misled by influences which the nation would impatiently reject. If, however, as we now venture to hope, a decided change for the better is happily imminent, as the result of the meeting between Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré (which

might with advantage have come much earlier), no good purpose would be served by an examination, necessarily tending to acrimony and personalities, into the subterranean influences which have inspired the anti-French policy and the amazing credulity which either adopted or failed to crush it.

M. Poincaré personifies France and, as we said on his accession to the Premiership, Mr. Baldwin also possesses just those qualities of absolute straightforwardness, sincerity and absence of affectation typical of that English character which is the foundation of English prestige. At this critical moment in the relations of the two countries, upon which the peace and prosperity of Europe depend, we are confident that the personal meeting, soon, we trust to be repeated, between the two representatives of their respective countries will avert the catastrophe of a break and lay the foundation of a real alliance based upon com mon aims, and mutual understanding and respect. It is hardly possible that either of two such men should fail to recognise the other's straightforwardness, honesty of purpose, and single desire for the good of his country. Such mutual recognition should (and we believe will) afford the basis of an understanding on which a common policy can be constructed, and the Entente, so nearly wrecked, can be securely established beyond the danger of attack by its enemies.

The League's Latest Recruit

We give our reasons elsewhere for deeming the belief that the League of Nations has any power to avert war a very dangerous delusion, a truth which we think most persons capable of reflection either recognise already or will soon perceive. But contemporaneously with the severe shock which recent contact with reality has just given it, the League's adherents boast the accession to its membership of that model to all lands, the Irish Free State. If a deliberate pretence, long maintained, and what is called in "pidgeon" English, "makee savee face," had not almost abolished the sense of humour in regard to political affairs, the spectacle of Mr. Cosgrave engaged in the delivery of an Irish oration at Geneva amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the League's supporters, might well excite a

shout of contemptuous laughter throughout the British Empire. For whatever else can be said for or against southern Irish autonomy, it is at least certain that it owes its inception entirely to systematic and cowardly murder. Its heroes are those who shot policemen and other people in the back in the streets; or broke at night into private houses and killed men in the presence of their wives; who outraged women and stripped girls naked and flogged them. These are the deeds standing on record to the credit of the noble warriors of the Irish Army as the means by which they extorted the incredibly base surrender made by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Birkenhead in 1921. Some of the witnesses to those deeds have since shared the common lot of assassination, but the mass of Southern Irish Loyalists, though ruined, are still alive, and testify, whenever they get a hearing (which is seldom), to the brutal infamies which they have endured.

The applause and approval given at Geneva to the men who have profited by those crimes does indeed stamp the representatives of the League there assembled either with the brand of the crassest ignorance, or else with that of callous indifference to the most brutal wrong. If some peculiarly vicious person, who had never given the slightest proof of repentance, were to join a society formed to purify morals, his accession to its ranks would hardly encourage hope of its success. We wish the League joy of its recruit.

The Blow to Japan

A HUMAN tragedy on a scale unparalleled in the history of modern civilisation, the Japanese earthquake, was also a political fact of the first importance. Japan on the night of August 31st stood certainly not lower than fifth among the Great Powers; for some purposes she could be reckoned third. Twenty-four hours later she had been reduced to temporary impotence—her capital wrecked, her chief seat of foreign trade destroyed, her national administration paralysed, her finances embarrassed by the equivalent of a war indemnity on the vast modern scale. The Governmental paralysis quickly passed; there was something singularly impressive in the way in which Japanese officialdom, after the first shock, set itself to grapple with a horror in which

it was itself involved equally with the populace. The embarrassment, however, remains. The loss of life, taking the long and cold-blooded view, is of small importance. It certainly far exceeds the naturally conservative statements circulated for foreign consumption by the Japanese authorities; but even if the casualty list should approach the level of France or Britain in the Great War, such loss of mere population would be of small importance to a people like the Japanese, who, true Orientals under their Western trappings, regard the breeding of male children as the most important business of life, and possess a power of propagation capable of repairing much worse ravages.

Japan's trouble will be her material losses. The country is still poor, judged by Western standards, despite the immense profits made by Japanese trade during the war; and taxation had already reached a very high level. Little as one hears of them normally, there are disruptive elements concealed beneath the apparent unanimity of the Japanese people, and the sudden imposition of liabilities of anything between five hundred and a thousand millions may lead to serious trouble if the Government, refusing to retrench its normal expenditure, lays on the population burdens too heavy for its strength. Japan lived on financial miracles for so many years that one hesitates to say that anything is impossible to her. That she will suffer no permanent decline of power seems assured by the very singular national character, with its combination of peculiarly Asiatic strengths with qualities generally considered European. But it should be ten or fifteen years before Pacific problems need cause our statesmen the very serious anxiety they have occasioned since the lapse of the Japanese alliance.

Population and Empire

THE fairy tales of science, as related at the meeting of the British Association, tend to be duller, because less generally intelligible, than in the old days; the man in the street simply does not understand the new dogmas of science, which are fully as baffling as those of religion. In compensation, however, we have perhaps the more concession than formerly to the lay appetite for a good newspaper "story,"

and the contributions of some learned professors are occasionally better journalism than science.

Perhaps the most generally interesting paper this year was that of the President of the Geography Section. Dr. Vaughan Cornish, in face of unemployment statistics showing best part of a million and a half idle adults in this country, was not afraid to argue that a higher birth-rate is necessary to the security and prosperity of the British Empire. The Empire controls the destiny of a quarter of the human race, but to every six persons of colour who acknowledge allegiance to the King there is only one white. The coloured races under British protection are increasing rapidly; unless, therefore, the ruling race also increases, the task of direction and initiative will be beyond its strength. The British Empire is an organic whole, and Great Britain can no more live, safe and powerful, without the Empire, than the Empire can enjoy its present strength and security without Great Britain. It is therefore futile, as well as pusillanimous, to think of contracting the commitments and responsibilities of the Mother Country, and relapsing into the slippered life of Holland or Denmark. Only by remaining something very great can Britain avoid becoming nothing at all.

The basis of her greatness is man-power, and ultimately her destiny is governed by her birth-rate. It is not enough, however, to demand simply that more people shall be born; there must be some provision as to quality, and some plan to dispose of the surplus. Here are problems of the gravest kind for the British and the Dominion Governments alike. At home we are certainly not taking the best steps to encourage the multiplication of the highest types, morally, mentally, and physically. We are, indeed, warring in two ways against quality. We encourage by our doles and gratuities and exemptions propagation of types which are, by hypothesis, the least competent. We discourage propagation of types which are, by hypothesis, the most competent by placing on them an appalling burden of taxation.

On the side of the Dominions it cannot be said that they have yet shown an adequate recognition of the importance of this question of filling up their great empty spaces. In some of them there needs not merely an im-

proved organisation, but a different spirit. There is an Imperial, as well as an industrial, "ca' canny"—the false doctrine of limitation embraced by a whole democracy.

Spain and her Revolution

THE explanation of events in Spain must be sought in Morocco. There is something Gilbertian in the notion of a military revolution to end war; but, broadly speaking, that is the fact which King Alfonso, very sagaciously from his own point of view, at once hastened to recognise. The Spanish Army, no less than the Spanish people, had wearied of the long-drawn-out struggle across the Straits. It meant a constant tribute of unavailing blood from the one, and of wasted taxes from the other. Superficially there is a considerable resemblance between the movement in Spain and that which has made Signor Mussolini master of Italy. In both cases the rising was not against the Throne, but against the politicians, and in both cases the politicians have fallen unregretted by the people. There seems to be in Spain, as well as in Italy, a fundamental weariness with a constitutionalism which permits, in the absence of any genuine popular interest in politics, of all sorts of deals and arrangements between nominally opposed cliques; and the intention of the revolutionists to dissolve the Cortes and postpone new elections indefinitely will probably be accepted with philosophic calm, at any rate so long as the absolutists commit no great error.

So far the parallel with Italy holds. But there is one great distinction to be drawn between the two anti-constitutional movements. The Government of Mussolini is intensely Imperialistic, and owes its popularity to that fact. The Spanish revolutionaries, on the other hand, will probably commend themselves to the people in proportion to their success in liquidating Spain's Imperialistic commitments. The new Government has but two choices. Either it must infuse into the Moroccan operations a vigour and efficiency capable of bringing the war to a speedily victorious termination, or it must definitely abandon the ambitions which have cost so much in blood and money.

In the latter case an extremely delicate question will be raised as to reversionary interest in the abandoned territory. The point is too obvious to need emphasis. It suffices to say that the possibility of a new and most serious

Morocco problem makes it the more unfortunate that the British Government is at arm's length with France on other matters, while some of our Press has been doing its best to antagonise Italy.

Prohibition and Crime

It used to be a commonplace of political philosophy that legislation in advance of the sense of a people not only fails in its immediate object, but degrades the general moral tone of the nation. A law which does not commend itself to the conscience of the community will be habitually broken. But people cannot break laws, even bad laws, without suffering moral deterioration. Poachers are always bad men, though perhaps a majority of people see nothing particularly heinous in snaring an occasional rabbit. Smugglers are invariably a desperate and lawless class, though many thoroughly respectable people would evade the Customs if they could.

The United States Government is finding that there is truth in this old principle which the Prohibition Amendment derided; and Attorney-General Daugherty's remarkable report shows the extent to which an unreasonable law breeds law-breakers. Since 1920 more than 90,000 cases of violation of the Prohibition Law have been tried in the courts; fines of more than two and a half million pounds sterling have been inflicted, and the gaol sentences have exceeded three thousand years. A member of the judiciary, members of the American bar, officials of State and Federal Governments, multi-millionaires, and "scions of the nation's aristocracy"—this very undemocratic formula is the Attorney-General's own—have been prosecuted, and "the sordid story of assassination, bribery and corruption has found its way into the very sanctums wherein inviolability of the law was presumed to have been held sacred."

In other words, Prohibition has not made America sober; the prosecutions for drunkenness are steadily mounting in all the chief towns for which figures are available. But it is fast making America a country of law-breakers, liars, and bribers. Far from being appalled by the results, however, the Anti-Saloon League only calls for more vigour against the "bootleggers." The atrocious sentiment of one enthusiast, "The only good bootlegger is a dead bootlegger," represents the general attitude of these

fanatics; and Congress and the Executive alike stand in awe of them. It is an object lesson for those of our own reformers who were disposed to applaud the Transatlantic experiment.

Zaghlul's Re-entry

ZAGHLUL PASHA has returned to Egypt. The first effect is the recrudescence of the extremist propaganda in the cry, "Vive l'Egypte Libre et Indépendante," so frequently hurled at Lord Milner and the members of his mission when they appeared in public. The popular leader's return to Cairo will put to the test the apparently better feeling between the British and the Egyptians which was brought about largely by the moderating influence of Adly Pasha. It may turn out that Zaghlul will find his position less strong than when he was banished, but from the nature of his following this is very doubtful. We are dealing in Egypt with a disgruntled middle-class town population and an ignorant, fanatical peasantry. Agitators pitched their diatribes on such a high note that public acquiescence in a fair settlement would make them suspect in the eyes of their followers. Our proposals for the future status of Egypt go at least as far as, if not a good deal farther than, safety will allow, and Egyptians should know by this time that no British Government will hear of the defence of the Suez Canal being in the hands of other than British soldiers. The news from the land of the Pharaohs shows that already the withdrawal of British control is producing the effect on administration which every sane man knew to be inevitable. Reforms are being abandoned. Slackness and incompetence are resuming their sway. Corruption is being reinstated, and the mass of the population will soon have reason to curse the day when they were led to demand departure of their British benefactors. In Egypt, as in India, "self-determinism" will speedily be found to bring on the people misery and oppression.

We have yet to see whether Zaghlul has learned wisdom in exile, but it is not his first experience of compulsory residence abroad, and there is not much reason to hope that he has thus profited. It is significant that group portraits taken recently show him surrounded by his old body-guard of political supporters.

The Imperial Economic Conference

By Harold Tracy Pooley

(General Secretary, British Empire Producers' Organisation)

THE habit of conferences, which became so universal during the war and the years immediately succeeding it, has cast upon that form of co-ordinating affairs a stigma of futility not altogether undeserved; but conferences in regard to the affairs of the British Empire form the only alternative to a hard and fast system of centralised co-ordination, from which the British spirit is peculiarly averse, and against which that spirit expanded in the great spaces of the Dominions is especially robust.

The Imperial Conferences which have met from time to time in the past have been accused of doing little toward furthering the economic relationship between the various parts of the Empire, upon which only can a successful Empire policy be based. But their work, though it may not have been directly or immediately effective, has been of high value both in accumulating essential material upon which to work for the future, and in preparing men's minds for the great steps which must now be taken if the Empire is to progress.

It was felt, however, that an Imperial Conference, necessarily preoccupied with vast political issues, could not itself give the essential practical touch which the situation now urgently demands.

Accordingly, it was resolved to hold a specific Economic Conference which would enable due attention to be given to purely economic questions, and at the same time relieve the already overweighted agenda of the Imperial Conference.

The scope of this Conference was defined as covering: (1) The development of natural resources. (2) Inter-Empire commerce, shipping, and communications. (3) Technical research. (4) Economic intelligence. (5) The

unification of law and practice. (6) Emigration and its relation to production and trade.

To that official list one may add a seventh, which dominates them all, the co-ordination of finance.

It is not proposed to deal here with the various problems arising under these highly important and comprehensive headings. It is clear that the Conference will be unable to consider in any detail their numerous complexities. Its duty is to discover what economic beliefs are common to the various parts of the Empire and from them to deduce principles upon which this infinite variety of questions can be dealt with, and to indicate, very broadly, some machinery for dealing with them.

If the British Empire is to be of full value, not only to itself but to the other nations of the world, it must develop the enormous natural resources with which it is endowed. Both in the Dominions and Colonies there are millions of acres suitable either for settlement or development, awaiting the necessary finance, which, though it has been available in this country, has been deflected to develop primary industries in foreign countries.

With reference to inter-Empire commerce, shipping, and communications, a whole world of difficulty is opened up by the immensely wasteful but firmly established methods of dealing with Empire products. The producers overseas, having organised themselves in such forms as that of the New Zealand Meat Board and the Australian Dried Fruit Association, are beginning to endeavour to counteract this wastage, but many and painful steps will have to be taken before these processes are reduced to their proper economic position as the shortest and most efficient service of movement and distribution.

Communications, obviously, affect vitally not only every ordinary business transaction, but the very existence of Empire consultative bodies themselves.

For co-ordinated research throughout the Empire it is hardly necessary at this time of day to put forward a special plea; and economic intelligence is already available in such quantities that the co-ordination of this should not demand more than technical labour.

The unification of commercial law and practice is a particularly needed reform. The diversities of the ship-

ping and patent laws and customs in various parts of the Empire, and the laws relating to commercial travellers, are the cause of serious obstacles to the flow of inter-Empire business.

The effect of emigration upon production and trade is, of course, more pronounced now than at any previous period, when all over the Empire districts are being opened up, which depend for their development on the importation of settlers from this country, who in their turn will depend for existence upon finding a market for their products here.

Clearly, there must be something common to all of these great branches of the economic relations of the Empire with itself. They must be dealt with by a policy which arises from a sentiment common to all parties concerned, whether they be the Dominions, the non-self-governing Colonies, or the Mother Country.

That sentiment and policy is Empire Preference.

More reams of useless, controversial matter have been written about the question of Empire Preference than any other. The phrase has been swung, unhappily and disastrously, into the party-political arena of every one of the Parliaments of the Empire. The connotation of the phrase has varied according to the purpose and inclination of the person using it. It has been taken to mean a policy of extreme Tariff Protection on the one hand, and a policy of Empire Free Trade on the other.

Surely, Empire Preference really means the desire of the members of the Empire to prefer the productions of the Empire in their everyday purchases. That desire established, the means will speedily follow; and that is the only basis upon which the Economic Conference can hope to be successful. It will have to devise means for encouraging that preference in the daily purchases of goods, and to make it as simple as possible for the ordinary individual purchaser to give his preference practical expression.

A fully developed Empire can be of infinitely more service to the rest of the world, and from its own point of view the need for self-development hardly needs demonstration. As to Great Britain, it is necessary for her to find continuous and increasing markets for her manufac-

tured products, or alternatively to keep her population from increasing in the accustomed proportion—or perhaps to do both of these things together. In either case, she can look nowhere else than within her own Empire for a successful solution of her difficulties. The Dominions and Colonies have been proved past all question the best customers of this country, and on a *per capita* basis overwhelmingly so. The average annual purchase of the great Dominions from Great Britain is about £17 10*s*. per head, whilst the rate of French purchases is £3 5*s*., and that of the United States 15*s*. 2*d*. It is, therefore, highly necessary to devote our attention as much as is possible to developing the markets and increasing the populations of the Empire.

Of foodstuffs, it may be too much to expect that this country can ever provide all that she requires, but at a modest estimate she should provide at least one-third of her needs, and the food producers—the agriculturists—of this island will never carry a policy fit to attain that end without making it part of a whole-Empire policy for food. Although agricultural opinion in this country is slow to realise it, a policy which gave to the British agriculturist a complete right to develop as fully as he could by means of his own markets here, and gave the second call upon those markets (after his own claims had been fully satisfied) to the Empire Overseas, would meet with whole-hearted support from the Dominion and Colonial farmer. That is the Overseas view of Empire Preference—the right of industries or of national units to grow fully themselves, coupled with the determination that what they need from outside shall be filled, as far as it can be filled, from within the British Empire.

We can perhaps most conveniently consider the attitude of the various parts of the Empire to this central problem of Preference by endeavouring to see into the briefs which the various Dominion Prime Ministers bring over with them, and by deducing from the numerous public expressions of opinion coming from the Crown Colonies and Dependencies, what is thought in those unfortunately unrepresented units.

Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, comes over hedged by many restrictions. The position of

Canada in regard to economic affairs is largely determined by her relationship with her great Southern neighbour, the United States. Canadian political policy has declared itself very definitely in favour of maintaining its present status of nationhood within the British Empire, rather than becoming two or three subordinate states in the United States of America. The United States has endeavoured by means of economic sanctions to modify Canadian political opinion; but the Fordney Tariff which operates against Canada to the serious damage of her agricultural exports has reacted to crystallise Canadian opinion in favour of an Empire policy. It has been laid down that the Canadian representative shall not suggest any policy to the British Government. It is expected, therefore, that the Canadian contribution will be negative rather than positive, although Canada will probably take steps to further the negotiations for a Canadian and Australian tariff preference which are being undertaken, and very strong Empire Preferential views are expressed throughout Western Canada.

The Southern Dominions are far more emphatic. General Smuts has with no uncertain voice pronounced in favour of a vigorous campaign to secure a larger preference for South African products. At the recent Congress of the South African Party he said: "South Africa must find outlets for her products on the British market, and the Government will endeavour to get them. Arrangements hitherto existing have been somewhat one-sided. South Africa has given a preference to Britain but has not received a similar preference. Much can be done to open the British markets to South Africa wider than before, and I will strain every nerve to further our interests in that respect."

Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister, is even more definite. He says: "The obligation is thrown upon the Australian delegates of sustaining the appeal for a reasonable tariff preference from Great Britain. In the past, Australia has adopted an attitude which suggested that she was too proud to negotiate on the matter. As it is impossible for us to maintain such an attitude, it would be serious to Britain if, because of her indifference, we were forced to make reciprocal trade arrangements with some

other country. I suggest that we place the facts before Great Britain—we certainly should give the Mother Country the opportunity to take full advantage of what we have to offer."

Mr. Massey has stood, all his life, for a strong policy of Imperial unity and Imperial Preference, and *The Times* correspondent utters no more than a truism when he says "New Zealand stands for Imperial Preference, and she has demonstrated this by extending to Great Britain a tariff preference as wide in scope as any in the Empire. "With the other Dominions she is anxious for more intimate relationship, but as they have raised barriers, she has bargained for better terms, and in some cases has secured them. She would now like some preference from Great Britain, and she submits that preference need not be confined to the tariff—in finance, in shipping, in communications of all kinds, in the development of resources and in emigration, there is scope for preference."

Mr. Massey has here touched upon an aspect of Empire Preference of fundamental importance yet much too often overlooked; that is to say, it does not depend necessarily upon the application of tariffs at all.

The gravest omission of the present Imperial Economic Conference is, perhaps, the lack of representation of the non-self-governing parts of the Empire.

That the economic future of countries in temperate zones depends largely upon the use they make of tropical products. No country is so richly endowed in this respect as our own, and it is significant that the development of the tropical Colonies is covered at once by the first five of the six heads into which, as we have seen, the Conference's work is officially divided. Natural resources are there in richer quantities and less developed than anywhere in the world; their development depends upon transport and communication and would be of enormous benefit to British shipping; technical research into tropical agriculture and the chemistry of tropical industries is the first and most crying need; economic intelligence in regard to those countries is lacking; the unification of law and practice is as badly needed as in the Dominions, and could be more easily effected, because of the direct control of the British Government. In regard to emigration, the non-self-governing Colonies as a whole do not

afford as great scope for this, but they have a compensating advantage in that they are climatically prevented from developing large secondary industries of their own, and must depend as they grow in prosperity in an increasing measure upon supplies from this country.

The sugar industry of Australia and South Africa, having been protected, gave those countries essential supplies during the War and at a reasonable price. The sugar industry of the West Indies and Mauritius, for example, unprotected in the face of highly subsidised competition from Germany before the War and the United States and its possessions now, has been brought, at different times, to a point very near extinction—a disaster of the first magnitude to this country, which would be dependent on foreign supplies and foreign domination of prices.

That is only one example of the immense variety of tropical products which require preference in Finance, in Transport and in Tariffs; and yet the great interests concerned in this (the most valuable asset of this country) are unfortunately unrepresented at the Conference, except in so far as the Under-Secretary of State, amongst the multiplicity of his duties, is to watch over their interests. No one questions the great abilities or the absolute goodwill of the present occupant of that important office, but the task is an impossible one, and the Colonies should have been formed into groups, each with its representative.

We may deduce, then, that Preference is the real issue of the Conference, and although Preference can take many forms, some of which are perhaps more important than that expressed by tariffs, it cannot be disguised that it is a tariff preference that the great Dominions, particularly Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, are seeking.

It would be a gross misapprehension of the facts to think that these Dominions would not welcome a scheme of preference not associated with tariffs; but their view is governed largely by the fact that throughout the world at present tariff systems prevail except in England. Foreign countries are thus protected, as are all the Dominions and all of the important Colonies. In almost every case Dominions and Colonies give heavy preferences to the Mother Country.

The Prime Ministers are faced with serious diffi-

culties in their own Dominions. South Africa requires urgently markets for her fruits and her agricultural and pastoral products. The beef industry in Australia is not affording a living to the pastoralists, while beef is sold retail at an exorbitant price in England. Vast territories are awaiting settlers, which can only be successfully developed if the settlers' products can be sold. Definite pressure is being brought to bear by declining industries upon their respective Governments to make arrangements elsewhere if England will not consider them; but everywhere a passionate desire is expressed that England shall hear the whole story and be given the opportunity of making her own decision first.

Tariffs are regarded as a kind of economic decalogue by one set of bigots, and condemned as dealings with a financial devil by another. Rightly regarded they are neither. They form a useful economic tool, to be taken up when a particular job requires it, and laid down when it is no longer the appropriate instrument.

The other ways of granting preference—by financial priority, by favourable shipping rates, by organised emigration, by a continuous and well-informed propaganda pointing out to the ordinary purchaser the importance to himself of buying Empire products—must and will be furthered; but it is to be expected that tariff preferences will be asked for, and therefore this country must make up its mind what attitude it should adopt.

Perhaps some economic genius may arise who will devise a system satisfactory to all parts of the Empire which will obviate the need of any remarkable extension of the existing Tariffs and Preferences of Great Britain; but we must face the fact that the future of the Empire depends very largely upon the accord which is exhibited at the Empire Economic Conference, and that it is absolutely essential that some common ground should be reached before that Conference ends. Without that, the first seeds of disintegration will be sown, and the one possible guarantee of world-peace—a fully developed and harmonious British Empire—removed.

The Memoirs of William Hickey*

By Horace Bleackley

In recent years no fewer than three notable documents concerning the eighteenth century have been given to the public. *The Letters and Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, the *Creevy Papers*, and the *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox* were books of great interest and historical importance. And now the same fortunate era has been elucidated once more by the publication of the *Memoirs of William Hickey*, a most candid and exhaustive autobiography, which affords much new and unexpected information about the manners and customs and the events and personages of the period.

Unfortunately, the original MS. of these memoirs has fallen into unskilful hands. It has been sadly abbreviated: there has been no attempt to edit it intelligently. Although Hickey has provided sufficient material for almost twelve volumes, his work has been cut down so as to make it fit into only four. Moreover, no reliance can be placed on the method of selection that has been adopted, for the editor never gives any indication of what has been omitted, and, evidently, has used his blue pencil in the most slovenly and haphazard fashion. There are instances where the memoirist declares that he will describe a person or an event in a subsequent portion of the work, but the promise remains unfulfilled. We cannot believe that Hickey is responsible for such lapses. Obviously, it is the editor who has been wool-gathering.

A case in point will be found in the following paragraph on p. 319 of Vol. I.:—

> She (i.e. Mrs. Mahon, *yclept* the *Bird of Paradise*) bore, by Mahon, one child, a fine boy, of whom I shall say more, by and by.

This "fine boy," the son of Gertrude Mahon, *née*

* *Memoirs of William Hickey.* Edited by Alfred Spencer. Vol. III. (1782-1790). Hurst & Blackett (1923).

Tilson (the daughter of a Countess of Kerry), by her husband, Gilbraith Mahon, a notorious gamester of the time, became an officer in the E.I.C. cavalry, and died at Tanjore in India in the year 1790, at the age of twenty. Thus, we should expect Hickey to make some mention of him, according to promise, in Volume III. of his memoirs, which deals with life in Calcutta and covers this period. Yet there is no mention of young Tilson Mahon. The editor seems to have forgotten the pledge in Volume I.

Scarcely less unpardonable than the liberties that have been taken with the text is the omission of all explanatory footnotes. No other autobiography is more in need of appropriate documentation than the *Memoirs* of Hickey, dealing as they do with a host of obscure personages and describing phases of life that are unfamiliar even to the well-informed reader. Nevertheless, the three volumes already published are almost barren in this respect. Not a single useful note has been provided. For example, although Hickey devotes many pages in describing the adventures of his friend, Robert Pott, the editor does not take the trouble to inform the reader that this volatile gentleman was a son of Percival Pott, one of the greatest surgeons of his day. These omissions are unpardonable. The publisher should have treated such an incomparable manuscript with the greatest reverence, sparing no pains to make it intelligible to the public at large. An admirable model, like *Nollekens and His Times*, by J. T. Smith, edited by Mr. Wilfred Whitten and published recently at the Bodley Head, might well have been followed.

The third volume of Hickey's *Memoirs*, issued recently by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, is devoted for the most part to an account of life in Madras and Calcutta, and covers the period from 1782 to 1790. The story is resumed with the departure of the autobiographer from Lisbon in a Portuguese merchantman in the company of his mistress, Charlotte Barry, who passed as his wife. No voyage to the East was ever more unpleasant. The weather seems to have been stormy throughout; the ship badly found and was unskilfully navigated. Finally, a terrific typhoon was encountered in the Indian Ocean, and, after being buffeted by wind and sea for seven days and losing all its boats and masts, the battered wreck

staggered into the harbour of Trincomali in Ceylon. Even then, the troubles of the passengers—the English portion of them at all events—were not ended. England and France were then at war and the port was in the hands of our enemies.

However, they were gentlemen in those days and the war was waged in a knightly fashion, so Hickey and his compatriots were treated in a courteous manner by the French. Although, at first, Governor des Roys refused to allow the voyagers to land, this order was soon rescinded. Not only were Mr. and "Mrs." Hickey entertained on shore by the French officers with profound hospitality, but as soon as possible they were permitted to proceed to Madras in a neutral vessel. This wonderful indulgence was due to the kindness of Pierre André de Suffren Saint Tropez, commonly known as Admiral Suffren—the indomitable antagonist of the English admiral, Sir Edward Hughes—who arrived at Trincomali with his fleet a few days after William Hickey.

Hickey draws a pleasant portrait of this naval officer, who seems to have been one of the most courtly and chivalrous of foes—an impression that is of great value, as no other contemporary Englishman, to our knowledge, has left such an intimate description of him. According to Hickey, in appearance de Suffren was like "a little fat vulgar English butcher," but he had a sense of humour and a just and generous appreciation of the British sailor. He was lavish in his hospitality to his prisoners and speeded them on their voyage to Madras, for which he made special provision in a Prussian ship.

At Fort St. George Hickey remained for several weeks, waiting for a vessel to take him to his journey's end. He gives a picturesque account of life in old Madras and describes many of the prominent persons resident there, such as the Governor, Lord Macartney, Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, Sir John Burgoyne, and Paul Benfield. Naturally, the service men were eager to listen to all that he could tell them of de Suffren and the French fleet.

As soon as possible Hickey continued his voyage to Calcutta, which was reached without further adventure. While sailing up the Houghly he received a strange reminder of his bosom friend, the clever and eccentric

Robert Pott. On the river's bank in the midst of the jungle at Culpee he beheld "a beautiful stone column," which had been erected recently by the young nabob to the memory of his mistress, the famous model of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is known to posterity as "Emily."

This monument, dubbed "Pott's Folly," had been designed by an Italian architect named Edward Tiretta, who, so Hickey tells us, had received the nickname of "Nosey Jargon." There are several references to Tiretta in the autobiography, and as he is a curious though elusive personage, it is to be regretted that there is no footnote to identify him. He was a famous character in the India of his day, and is mentioned in Dr. Busteed's *Echoes of Old Calcutta* as well as in *Calcutta Old and New*, by H. E. A. Cotton. He has an even more conspicuous title to fame, being celebrated by Giacomo Casanova under the sobriquet of "Comte Sixfois" in the lurid chapter describing the execution of Damiens.

The beautiful Emily had died lately on board ship at the mouth of the Houghly while she and Pott were returning from Madras, and had been buried, in a magnificent mausoleum the work of the aforesaid Tiretta, by her disconsolate protector in the cemetery at Calcutta. She sat as the model for Reynolds's picture of Thais, as we are informed by Leslie and Taylor (on the authority of James Northcote) in their life of the great painter, so the *Memoirs of William Hickey*, although revealing her personality in full perspective for the first time, is not the first document to identify her with the famous canvas of Sir Joshua. There are several references to her in contemporary newspapers. One of these in the *Morning Post* of March 4th, 1778, which affords a useful clue as to the date of the portrait, runs as follows:—"The celebrated Emily Coventry is returned to England, whose picture has been taken by the modern Raphael and preserved as the just standard of the various charms," etc. One of her numerous aliases was Coventry, suggested it is said, by her resemblance to the beautiful Lady Coventry, but borrowed more probably from one of her innumerable patrons. According to the *Memoirs* her real name was Emily Warren.

On his arrival in Calcutta Hickey found that during his absence in England his name had been struck off the roll,

so he was no longer an attorney of the supreme court. This arbitrary action had been instigated by Chief Justice Sir Elijah Impey, of whom an amusing sketch is given, but reparation was made promptly and the absentee was reinstated in a few days. Once more he built up a lucrative practice as a solicitor, for many of his old clients returned to him, while the natives were as litigious then as they are now. In a little while he felt justified in taking "a capital house in a central portion of the town," besides indulging in "a London-built chariot," and a phaeton for "Mrs." Hickey.

> Upon thus settling in town it became necessary for her [*i.e.*, "Mrs." Hickey] to go through a disagreeable and foolish ceremony, in those times always practised by newcomers of the fair sex, and which was called "setting-up," that is, the mistress of the house being stuck up, full dressed, in a chair at the head of the best room (the apartment brilliantly lighted), having a female friend placed on each side, thus to receive the ladies of the settlement, three gentlemen being selected for the purpose of introducing the respective visitors, male and female, for every lady that called was attended by at least two gentlemen. One of the three gentlemen received the hand of the fair visitor at the door, led her up to the stranger, announcing her name, whereupon curtseys were exchanged, the visitor accepted and proffered a seat amidst the numerous circle, where, after remaining five, or at most ten, minutes she arose, the salutations were again exchanged, and the party retired to make way for the quick successor; this moving scene continuing from seven o'clock in the evening until past eleven. The same occurred the two following evenings, to the dreadful annoyance of the poor woman condemned to go through so tiresome and unpleasant a process. A further inconvenience attended this practice, which was the necessity of returning every one of the visits thus made.

Apparently, the "beloved Charlotte" was well received in Calcutta society, everyone accepting her as Mrs. Hickey. In a former volume (II. 361) he assures us that he had been eager to make her his wife, and had made her a formal offer of marriage before they set sail from Lisbon. However, this proposal was rejected by the lady, who held the belief—not uncommon in those days—that she would be more appreciated if she remained the mistress. "She was already as happy as woman could be," she told him, "but that should she avail herself of his generous offer and he at any future period repent of what he had done, it undoubtedly would break her heart. She therefore begged that she might depend upon his disinterested love, which she felt confident she never should by any act of hers deservedly forfeit." And Hickey

declares " from that hour I considered myself as much her husband as the strictest forms and ceremonies of the Church could have made me."

Their happiness—for they seem to have been devoted to one another—was shortlived. In a few months Charlotte began to sicken, and before the end of the year 1783 she was lying beside the fair Emily Warren in the Calcutta graveyard. Life was short for European women in the India of those days.

Hickey protests that he was brokenhearted, but his mercurial Irish temperament does not seem capable of cherishing an enduring sorrow, and he set himself to the task of drowning his grief in the conventional manner. The account of his symposiums and intrigues, of his triumphs and adversities, which occupy the latter portion of the latest volume of his memoirs, affords a crowded picture of life in the East under the rule of John Company. It is only to be regretted that the value of the picture is not enhanced by some explanatory documentation. With the help of the files of the old Calcutta newspapers in the British Museum it was possible to have made the text far more lucid and instructive.

The editor of one of the most notorious of these periodicals was a turbulent individual, named James Augustus Hicky, and the libels and scurrilities that were contained in his *Bengal Gazette* involved him in innumerable lawsuits, in some of which Hickey of the memoirs acted as his solicitor. There were two other Hickeys living in Calcutta at that period, Irish artists of considerable talent, one of whom, named John, was a sculptor, who died young, while his brother Thomas was a painter of repute, who painted a portrait of William Hickey which has not yet been discovered.

They were a riotous hard-drinking community, the men of Calcutta in those days, and one of the most thirsty souls amongst them seems to have been the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Cornwallis, the future Governor-General. " He sat at table for two hours," declares Hickey, " during which the bottles were in constant circulation. If any one of the company, from being in conversation with his neighbour or other cause, inadvertently stopped their progress, or what was quite as serious an offence, passed them with-

out putting in the corks, his lordship instantly attacked the defaulter in the first instance, calling out sharply, 'Pass the wine, Mr. ——,' and in the latter, 'Fie, fie! sir, how can you omit to put the cork in the bottle before you pass it.' A well-known sycophant, who had lately been a guest at the Commander-in-Chief's table, was asked how Lord Cornwallis had treated him. 'He was exceedingly polite and attentive,' was the reply, 'during dinner he spoke to me at least thirty times.' 'Did he?' rejoined the interrogator, 'then I daresay that fifteen of these times was to pass the bottle and fifteen to pass the cork.'"

Apparently, Hickey was as bibulous as any of his contemporaries, but he assures us that he was "always cheerful and good-humoured in his cups." Still, he appears to have been an ebullient creature when excited by wine and he records many of the scrapes that befell him at these periods, one of which resulted in a challenge to a duel. However, on the eve of the encounter a discreet friend reported the matter to one of the justices, who issued a warrant to forbid the fight. The two antagonists made no attempt to resume hostilities.

In spite of his intemperate habits Hickey had no difficulty in making money at his profession, and he seems to have earned a handsome income. Nevertheless, he was never free from financial embarrassment, living ostentatiously and keeping a rich and hospitable table, so that his expenditure was never much less than his earnings. The high price of provisions—of those at least that were imported from Europe—was responsible in some measure for this extravagance. His friend, Robert Pott, the resident and the Nabob of Bengal in the city of Moorshedabad, was even more improvident, living in "princely magnificence" and maintaining a huge retinue of servants. This erratic but engaging person met with misfortune in the year 1788, being "removed from his situation," and from that time to the day of his death "remained out of employment."

Hickey's frank and artless confessions have been likened to the stories of the old novelists and appropriate comparisons with Tom Jones and Roderick Random have been made by the reviewers. Certainly they reproduce a great deal of the atmosphere of the Georgian era, being also full of jocund incident and rollicking adventure.

The writer is as candid as Casanova and self-revealing as Boswell, while his method of selection is admirable, for he seems to have suppressed most that is inessential and tells us all that it is requisite for us to know. Thus, he succeeds in conveying a vivid impression of his own personality, which surely is the paramount task of every autobiographer, though only the few who are supreme in their craft succeed in doing so. Probably, nine out of every ten of Hickey's readers would find themselves in agreement as to the salient points in his character. Obviously, he was both a lovable and a *clubbable* personality, with vast animal spirits and all the delightful insouciance of the Irishman, a fellow of perfect honesty but indifferent tact, his hot blood kept in some restraint by a sensitive conscience, a firm friend and a not too vindictive enemy—in short, a good fellow with most of the faults and frailties and virtues of the gentlemen of his age.

Hickey possessed some of the most essential qualities of the autobiographer—a retentive memory, a sufficient egotism, and unbounded naïveté, so that his narrative is full of action, he conceals little that is of moment, and he is never afraid of telling a story against himself. He has other more important claims to distinction as a writer, for he had a keen pair of eyes and a gift of portraiture, which enables him to reveal the people whom he presents to our view as real men and women. There are few memoirs that exhibit such a convincing picture of real life. Critics have been unanimous in their praise of the work, but it is doubtful whether it has yet been rated at its full value. With the exception of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, the *Letters of Horace Walpole*, and the *Diary and Letters of Fanny Burney*, it would be difficult to name any document of the eighteenth century—not even the *Memoirs of Casanova*—that is of greater excellence than the autobiography of William Hickey. It is assured of a distinguished place among the literature of its class, a class, too, that is only surpassed by the highest productions of creative genius.

The Snows of Yesteryear

By Robert Husted Chambers

I CONFESS that the company in which I found myself did me no credit. Master François Villon hinted as much.

When I entered, the rogue was seated at a table before the fire, an empty cup at his elbow, and before him a valise filled to the bursting point with something that I could not guess. He appeared only partially drunk, although it was already midnight.

Outside, the November wind swept the *cité*. It swirled through deserted streets. It sobbed and whined, and piled the doorways high with drifting snow. It soughed among the eaves, and rattled the chimney-pots of the Rue de la Juiverie. It blew alike upon the towers of My Lord Robert d'Estourteville the Provost, and beneath the gibbet of Montfaucon. It was the devil of a wind. It had driven me to shelter at the Griffon d'Or.

Villon espied me at once, greeting me civilly enough by name and occupation—" Master Jean Soubise, Student of Paris "—and bidding me welcome to the inn.

Then he led me to a stool, remarking, " A certain man went down from Jericho to Jerusalem and fell among . . . ahem . . . his friends."

There was nothing for me to say. I shrugged and glanced suspiciously at his valise.

Villon regarded the rafters with studied interest, observing that it was devilish cold and that he expected the winter of 1456 would be a harsh one, as he had already seen a wolf at the Pont Neuf.

Then he begged leave to present two gossips of his, whom he designated as Baron de la Grève and M. le duc de Montfaucon. And of a truth it seemed to me he named them well; for, although I have seen a-many in my time—never have I clapped eyes upon a more likely pair of gallows-birds than they.

I acknowledged the introduction, wishing them God's blessing and trusting that their pockets were less empty than mine.

At this, the lean and scrofulous "Duke" plucked his fat neighbour by the sleeve, whispering something that I did not catch. And after a disgusted look at me, both retired to sulk and sip their wine beside the chimney-corner.

"And you," I remarked to Villon, "are doubtless also of the aristocracy. Do you now call yourself the Vicomte de Coup-Gorge and take your nobility from the Court of Miracles?"

He laughed, but denied the title.

"No, my friend. I am tonight a Prince in my own right and Seneschal of Castel-Rien behind the Moon."

"Therefore you can afford to live on air," I suggested. "That is well, for I was about to give my order."

The rogue shot me a brazen look.

"Ah, yes. If you invite me!" he remarked. "Even a prince need not despise good Burgundy. Host of my heart, another bottle, for which this gentleman will gladly pay. No, Master Jean," he continued, "the realm of which I speak is of the Soul."

"You are in love again?" I asked.

Villon waved my suggestion aside with magnificent disdain and fell to drinking.

"Let us not speak of love," he remonstrated. "Love is a little thing at best. You weep, you laugh, you rejoice, you suffer. That is love. But are not its pangs as trivial as those of hunger, which in my precarious life is no infrequent experience and which I relieve by applying to the baker on the Rue St. Roche?"

"I have been told," I said, "that the baker on the Rue St. Roche has a pretty daughter."

He made a weary gesture as of one who brushes aside a thing of no consequence.

In the chimney corner the Aristocracy of the Court of Miracles wrangled to the clicking accompaniment of the dice-box.

Villon said:

"It was of Art, not Love, I spoke. Art which is long and a wretchedly unlucrative calling for such as I. But tell me, Master Jean, have you never aspired?"

"What aspirations I may have," I replied, "I know not whether or no I shall fulfil."

"It is not the fulfilment that is sublime," said Villon tranquilly. "It is to have the vision. Pouf! A soldier has fulfilled when he holds a captain's bâton in his glove; a cleric when he takes the bishop's mitre; even a *bourgeois* who has managed to acquire wealth and a house in the Faubourg has achieved fulfilment. No, my friend, I do not mean such trivial things, but the glory, the magnificence of aspiration. A man may not complete what he begins: he may fall, as all Art falls, short of the standards which the artist sets. He may fail utterly. But at least he can say when all is done, the roll-call taken, and the tally scored, 'Thank God, I did aspire!'"

Such an outburst astonished me, although I had seen Villon before in his impassioned moods. I remembered distinctly his affair with a little maid in the Rue d'Amboise; the time when he composed his poem on the Dispute of Heart and Body; and in the bitterness of its aftermath wrote the verses that began,

> Go love as much as love ye may,

and ended,

> Ah, happy man who will refrain!

Something I was sure must come out of this exalted frame of mind. I composed myself to listen.

"All my life," said Villon, "I have been a poet, yet I have written nothing save petty rhymes and tinkers' creaking ballads. And I wrote them—why? Because, Master Jean, of poverty and gripping hunger beneath my belt. I wrote to please. I took what I could get because, unlike my friends, I have not courage to snatch a purse, or knife some sleek *bourgeois* on his way to Mass. Would to the saints I had! But I see the gallows' shadow above my head, and I refrain.

"So I write, and always it is hunger that urges me on, the crying need of a belly that cannot, as you hint, subsist on air. They must needs go whom the devil drives. But to-day everything is different."

"What then?" I demanded. "Did you find a purse stuffed full with silver crowns, or did some kind uncle die

suddenly in the provinces to leave you a life-time's savings in his hose?"

"I would he had left me even the hose," replied Villon ruefully. "And my doublet is all patched and threadbare as well. No, my friend, I am as impecunious as you are yourself. But one need never be too poor for aspiration."

He had let fall his chin upon his fists and was staring at the fire, or rather through it.

"Did you know," he asked suddenly, "that I was writing an epic?"

"What?"

"An epic!" repeated Villon, taking advantage of my astonishment to order another bottle.

"So you see I shall become famous," he announced as I paid the reckoning.

I was too dumbfounded to open my mouth except to gape at him. Villon smirked and spat into the fire.

"How much is done?" I asked.

"None yet. I have only the vision."

"But you are already famous as a ballad-maker," I protested. I did not add, "as an amorous adventurer as well," though I felt sure, now that I was recovering from my stupor, that something of the sort must be at the bottom of it.

"Yes. But that is not enough. You see Marguerite——"

"I thought it was Katherine," grumbled the "Baron" from his chimney-corner.

"Marguerite," corrected Villon haughtily. "Katherine was yesterday. To-day I met Marguerite."

He turned to me. "You are sceptical, Master John? It is like this: Yesterday, Katherine; to-day, Marguerite; to-morrow——"

"God knows!" sneered the Duke.

"Silence, *canaille!*" cried Villon. "What do you know of Romance?"

But their "Lordships" had turned again to their game, at which they presently fell to quarrelling so violently that I feared a brawl on the spot.

Villon was saying softly, "To-day it is Marguerite, and to-morrow, and after that, for ever and ever."

"And your poem?" I asked.

"Why, to be sure, it is for Marguerite!"

"But why an epic?"

"My friend, can you not understand? Love spurs me on when hunger fails. For Katherine I wrote my *ballades*, *rondeaux*, *chansons*, all, you comprehend, that I did not write for Anne whom I loved just before."

"Last April, was it not?" I hazarded.

Villon shrugged. "A year, an age, an eternity; I have forgotten. Anne had red hair; Katherine's was black; that I do remember."

"What of them now?" I asked.

He leaned forward, fixing his brilliant eyes on mine.

"My friend," he said, "answer me one question first. There was snow upon your cloak-collar when you entered. I marked you shake it off and pull a little grimace as the ice-water trickled down your neck. It was November snow, shed in Paris in the year 1456. *But where are the snows of yesteryear?*"

He relapsed into moody silence.

"Aces!" announced His Grace of Montfaucon from the chimney-corner.

"Double!"

"Aces again!"

"Double it!"

"*Peste!*"

"*Where are the snows of yesteryear?*" repeated Villon softly. "Tell me that, Master Jean."

"I cannot," I replied. "But to return to your epic——"

"Ah, yes, my epic! *Ballades* and *chansons* I wrote for Katherine. *Rondeaux* for Anne, who, as I recalled to you, had red hair. But for Marguerite, the divine Marguerite——" he wafted a phantom kiss ceilingward, to the intense disgust of the duke, who was listening.

"For Marguerite," he continued, "I seek something more fitting, something superb, colossal; magnificent in contemplation and execution, ponderous in volume, the eighth wonder of the world—in short, my epic."

"Thus you aspire to the crown of Homer?"

"Thus I aspire." Then his exalted mood fell from him like a cloak, and his cheerful smirk forewarned me of more liquor.

"You will pay," I suggested.

"Alas! I cannot. I have spent my last *sou* on parchment for my epic."

So the mystery of the valise was solved at last. I weighed it in my hand. If he had all parchments there, the value of them must be above a hundred crowns. I forbore to ask if he had bought them all.

"My epic," said Villon, "is to include twenty books each of ten cantos length."

"And the subject?" I asked.

"Love. It will embrace the history of love, from Adam to Abelard."

"As you embraced Katherine," observed the Baron de la Grève.

"Anne," corrected the "Duke" blandly.

Villon sprang up and began to tear his hair. "Vermin!" he cried, "pigs, species of camels! Have you no sense of Romance!" He made a furious gesture.

"Ah!" hiccoughed the Duke. "Look at our Villon. He thinks he is embracing love."

"Or Anne," the Baron corrected.

"Or Katherine!" said the Duke.

"To the devil with you all," shouted Villon, and rushed from the room.

For a week I did not see Villon, nor did I hear of him. Rumours, tales of many sorts, were afloat and found their way eventually to the Griffon d'Or. The self-styled Duke of Montfaucon was apprehended in the act of lifting a purse, and presently hoisted aloft upon the gallows—that from which he took his name. Baron de la Grève, involved in a drunken brawl near the Port St. Antoine, had disappeared. But there was no mention of the poet.

Then one evening he swaggered in, ragged and debonair. True, he appeared pale and hollow-cheeked. His beard was unkempt, his eyes glassy; his clothes looked as if they had been slept in for many nights. But he was the old François Villon, smirking and in his right mind, and I took him to my heart, or more appropriately to the nearest table.

"Your epic?" I asked when he had finished his second bottle and settled back, wiping his beard.

"It is over," he said sadly.

"What!"

"I quarrelled yesterday with Marguerite."

"But your poem!" I cried. "What of that poem?"

He sighed deeply.

"Alas! the greatest epic of all time will not be written."

"But surely," I protested, "you began at least. Some fragment must remain. With that you can begin again. Come, it is not too late."

But Villon only shook his head. "I burned it all, and my parchments with it."

"Then there is nothing!"

"Only this—a thing of no importance."

He thrust a crumpled paper into my hand. I opened it. The last lines of the verses caught my eye.

But where are the snows of yesteryear?

I turned abruptly. Villon had disappeared.

"Now which?" I said aloud. "Anne, Katherine, Marguerite?"

"*Peste*," said the landlord's voice beside my shoulder. "It is none of them. Villon wrote it to the baker's daughter on the Rue St. Roche, in payment for a loaf of bread."

Where People Are Forced to Live Dangerously

By Gonnoské Komai

In many minds throughout the Western world the idea of Japan is associated with lovely flowers and wonderful butterflies and even with the dainty "Madame Chrysanthemum" or "Madame Butterfly," largely the creation of the European imagination. But one should not forget the sterner elements of Japan's beauty, her active volcanoes, which might have easily given Dante fresh scenes for his Inferno, her stormy and perilous seas swept by the destructive typhoons, and her huge inundations.

To form a true picture of the environment of our ancient and Samurai race, these elements of its experience and of its æsthetic feeling must be borne in mind, as also the earthquake drill, imposed upon man, woman, and child in Japan by harsh Mother Nature, who forces us to live dangerously.

All the beauty of Nippon's mountain peaks, waterfalls, torrents, rocky coast, and lacework of scattered islets, with their constant changes of colour, light and shade, have this permanent dark background of peril, reminding us that all our joys may at any moment be interrupted by sudden and violent death, occasionally on the very gigantic scale. Who is that that says:

> Heaven and Earth for ever
> Remain unchangeable:
> Time, Past and Present,
> Closely interwoven . . .
> Fish swim in the deep;
> Birds fly in the air.

Yet our courageous and perhaps somewhat reckless race enjoys nothing better in summer than to climb the sides of our volcanoes, including the great Aso, whose crater is the largest in the world, for a glimpse into their fiendish jaws, waiting, as it were, in ambush to catch us unawares.

"Kanasimi-no-kiwami"

(The Height of Sorrow and Grief)

By Gonnoské Komai

THE fearful tidings have come
But my mind refuses to see
Thee, my belov'd Tokio,
Laid low by an envious Fate,
Thee, in thy sun-rise glory, surpassing
The ineffable utmost splendour
Of all the gorgeous East,
The worthy Imperial Throne of our august Mikado.

O, thou, the home of my gay and happy childhood,
City of joyous romance, encircled
By satellite beauties
Strung like pearls along our laughing coast:
Lovely Gotemba leading
To the lofty peak of our Fuji;
Atami with life-giving springs;
Enosima enshrining dear Benten,
Our Goddess of Beauty;
The huge bronze Buddha of Kamakura
In the midst of his long meditation
Unbroken for sacred centuries—
These, and how many more?—
Can it be that they all are destroyed?

My eyes overflow and my sleeves
Are wet with my burning tears.
Yet my mind revolts and refuses
To picture the horrors they tell—
Horrors that rend the heart and fill
The eyes of a weeping world—
Hundreds of thousands are dead,
Or, worse than dead, are bereft
Of all that they cherished and loved.

Mothers and babes are severed
By waves like those of the wild Pacific
That shake the Earth
As with league-long rolling breakers,—
Parents, brothers, sisters and lovers
Die in terror and pain;
Or, are left with a death-in-life—
The memory of those who died.

And all the beauty of Art—
The reflection of genius and love—
Ruined by flame and by flood,—
No single Temple spared
To light the lone lantern to guide
The faltering steps of Despair;
No poorest hovel to shelter,
No food to relieve the pangs
That torture the fleeing crowds.

The derisive light of sky
Is rivalled by the flames
That consume our hapless kin
In the streets of this new Inferno,
While corpses clog the sullen
Rivers that carry their loads
To the raging ocean without.

Everywhere the living,—
That tormented, desperate remnant,
With nerves more fiendishly tortured
Than by the worst of wars,—
Rush vainly around to escape
From the haunting shadow of Death.
Vainly they try to pray
To the ruthless Heavens that cast
Upon our staggering Earth
This monstrous inhuman perfection
Of horror and ruin and woe.

The Financial Policy of Labour

By The Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P.

[We have invited Mr. Clynes as one of the most moderate of Labour leaders, who would probably be chosen as Chancellor of Exchequer in a Labour Government, to contribute the following exposition of Labour Financial policy. We shall publish next month a reply by a leading financial authority.—ED. E.R.]

CONSIDERATION of the Labour position in relation to national finance requires at the outset the formulation of two accepted statements of fact, namely, that expenditure depends upon policy and that it is not the policy of Labour, but the action of those who have been in power, which has produced our present financial embarrassment. These facts are in no way disturbed by the statement that the war accounts for the greater part of our trouble. Labour can answer formidably that had the international doctrines pressed by Labour in the years before the war been practised by our Governments and pressed by them upon the Governments of Europe, the war might well have been averted, and a reign of peace and prosperity established in place of the disastrous and costly relations which even the war has not improved.

It was the fashion before the war to scoff at the international efforts of Labour and deride them as the obsessions of weak-kneed pacifists or the unrealisable dreams of men who knew nothing of realities or statesmanship and who were moved alone by sentiment about the brotherhood of man. Our comment upon these taunts is that most of the statesmen of the world now find that it is only by the adoption in some form of the international aspirations of Labour that the danger of universal ruin can be averted.

In every country when the war broke out all classes at once took the side of their respective Governments, believing that that was where duty and honour lay. In this country working class leaders ranged themselves behind the Government, not because they preferred war, but because war had begun and the choice lay no longer between peace and conflict, but between resistance and submission. The functions of citizenship were suddenly changed. The soldier, who as a pre-war civilian had been producer as well as consumer, became a greater consumer than

ever, producing nothing to balance against his consumption. War eats up such reserves as prosperous times may provide. In the years before the war the six principal countries of Europe spent about one thousand million pounds a year in the maintenance of armies and navies. As the war proceeded the daily expenditure of Britain alone reached a figure exceeding six million pounds.

Economy and prosperity, therefore, are impossible unless the destructiveness and waste which war entails are avoided, and they can only be avoided by establishing a new international relationship which will make security rest upon the acceptance of the doctrine that war settles nothing and that we cannot afford the cost of even preparing to indulge in it. Sound finance can come only with sane international policy. Self-preservation can only become a reality as we make self-defence less necessary.

Heavy as is the burden which a post-war annual budget imposes, our national resources have shown themselves equal to it. The complaint of Labour is that the sound moral principle of adjusting that burden to the ability of the shoulders to bear it has not been thoroughly followed. Whilst favoured sections of the community remain inordinately rich and make no actual sacrifice, notwithstanding taxation, it is wrong to impose duties upon food and the bare life necessities of large numbers of people who, in spite of their useful work, remain excessively poor.

It is not enough to say that all must make sacrifice to enable the country to survive the staggering burdens which even the victorious have to carry. People who have not to forfeit anything they need and who never forgo the slightest life pleasure or necessity make no sacrifice at all. Sacrifice consists in having to give up some reasonable requirement of life.

The report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for 1920 shows 500,000 incomes exceeding £500 a year; about 25,000 exceeding £5,000 a year; and 150 persons having incomes exceeding £100,000 a year. I have often met the argument that big incomes are of greater advantage to the stimulation and extension of trade and business than a larger number of smaller incomes. Experience does not appear to justify this argument. The existence of exceptionally large incomes, and the presence of millionaires

in Britain in our years of serious trade depression, have given us no special relief in relation to commercial troubles and conditions of unemployment.

Out of a population of 40,000,000 only about 2,000,000 people are wealthy enough to pay any income tax whatever, and a large number of these is accounted for by the lowering of the income tax level, which has brought in persons of the artisan and lower paid class who previously had not paid tax upon their small earnings. Among the number of the more wealthy taxpayers we have 75,000 rich enough to pay super-tax.

We have seen year by year a considerable growth in the cost of government. A level of national expenditure has been reached, one-half of which would have alarmed the country a generation ago. An enormous and costly machine for the management of the affairs of the country has been built up. This cost would have been less if Labour views had met with more sympathy and less suspicion.

Co-operation with the workers through the medium of the great trade unions and co-operative societies might have been used with great saving to the country, for instance, in the cost of administering the National Health Insurance Acts, unemployment benefits, the payment of old-age pensions and the discharge of many other State responsibilities, which have involved the country in very heavy expenses. Apart from our schools and the Post Office, more than 120,000 persons are engaged in a score of State Departments.

The truth is that in the end it does not pay (in a strictly financial sense) to fear the influence or authority of organised Labour. The great organisations of Labour could often have been harnessed directly in the discharge of State service for which otherwise the State has had to pay heavily.

Those who are appalled at the total cost of, say, the State payment for unemployment and all forms of pensions to the poor are looking only at one side of the picture. Let them look at how that sum is raised.

In the main the revenue from the beer duty is taken from the pockets of the working classes. The whole of the sum paid by the State in the two years of recent trade

depression in support of the unemployed amounts to only ½d. in every 4d. raised in the same period from the beer duties alone. Or take the whole of the sums paid in a year in old age pensions, and in all the pensions and allowances to ex-soldiers, widows, children and dependents: the total sum is covered almost entirely by the amount of revenue secured from the duty on beer. These comparisons at least show that the poor have been made to go a long way in paying for the needs of the poor.

The following statements, briefly, show some of the lines of taxation which Labour has always advocated, and would in authority be sure to follow in raising revenue:—

Taxation must be based upon "ability to pay": that is, it should be levied upon the "surplus" beyond what is necessary to maintain a reasonable standard of life.

The main expedients should be the retention and development of income tax and death duties, with a higher exemption limit corresponding to the increased cost of living, and allowing to the worker a reasonable standard of life before taxation begins to be levied.

Family incomes should, for income tax purposes, be divided by the number of persons dependent upon them.

Allowances, abatements, etc., should be replaced by a single system of more steeply graduated taxation, and increased revenue should be secured by raising the rates on the larger incomes.

Death duties should be increased and the principle of resuming a large proportion of big accumulations at the death of their owner fully recognised.

Indirect taxation should be restricted to taxation on luxuries, and indirect taxation on necessaries should be abolished.

There are some aspects of national finance which cannot altogether be separated from the issues of nationalising certain properties. Labour has always said that the mines, lands, minerals, waterways, and railways in a nation should be national property and be worked solely from the standpoint of national benefit and revenue. This is not the place to discuss the present political merits of these questions. But those who fear that such properties, nationally owned, would not be well used and directed, cannot overlook the loud and continued public and private censure of

the manner in which railways, mines and land have so far been worked and controlled.

The Labour view cannot be assailed on grounds of patriotism, for that man is surely the greater patriot who seeks to secure property not for himself but for his country. The silent suffering of the business community as well as the privations endured by hundreds of thousands of people because of the private ownership of land alone is a never-ending source of wonderment to the Labour mind. The leasehold system has meant the levying of a species of economic blackmail upon commercial undertakings from time to time, and the value of improvements has been invariably appropriated by old-established and legalised methods of piracy.

People who are shocked at the idea of any levy on capital should be more angry at the levy upon energy which is imposed every day on business activities, on brains and on the industry of wage-earners by people who are in a position to impose a charge for the mere permission to carry on our trade and social life.

However much opposed to the nation's interest private ownership may be, Labour would respect any real legal title in the owners. It would not dispossess them by force or take their property without payment. But it would take steps by which ultimately these properties would be purchased and held in perpetuity as national possessions. It would, however, distinguish equity from law in a manner at present impossible.

Private profit would be changed into large revenues for the State, just as in the case of local authorities substantial income is secured through gas undertakings and tramways. These diverted revenues would lessen the luxury-trades' production, but, by relieving taxation burdens now borne by the whole of industry, they would increase the general public spending power and thus stimulate trade and business. The palatial motor-car might disappear, but the man who cannot now think of such a thing as a motor-car might soon be in a position to purchase a standardised cheap efficient production suitable for his own plain requirements.

Next to the conviction that the unparalleled load of war debt must be lightened by the special device of a levy

upon large possessions, Labour holds firmly to the view that incomes which are largely due, not to individual exertion, but to social and community causes, should carry a heavier weight of taxation than incomes earned by personal service.

Given a substantial reduction in the National Debt and the taxation relief which that reduced debt would afford, Labour would seek the immediate reduction or abolition of taxes on food and necessities, and thereby increase the household value of the slender incomes by which many thousands of British homes are maintained.

Few realise that interest on war loan is the largest single item in our present daily national expenditure. Apply any one of the usual methods for dealing with this extraordinary burden of debt and that method fails. Ordinary taxation affords no remedy. Savings such as the public or Parliament would stand, as shown during the discussions in the House of Commons and in the Press during debates on the Geddes reports, do not avail. The enormous sums owing to us by France, Russia, Italy and Belgium, amounting to a total of more than £1,600,000,000, must be viewed as a bad debt so far as there is any prospect of that debt being available to reduce our own; and when Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne told us we must look upon money from Germany in the nature of a windfall!

To increase our wealth by greater industry and production is an aspiration which all will applaud. But the Government could get a share of any such increased wealth only by increased taxation, and every Chancellor will tell you that he has been driven to reduce it. The only remaining plan is that known to us as the Sinking Fund. In the hundred years prior to the war Sinking Fund processes somewhat reduced our total debt; but additions to it during that period left us at the end little better than at the beginning.

The proposals adopted by Parliament in the Budget of this year, providing a Sinking Fund of £40,000,000 this year, increasing, it is hoped, hereafter to a maximum of £50,000,000, would, if not disturbed (a tremendous anticipation), enable us to pay off our debt when the fifth generation after the present one had passed away! Can

we mortgage the future in such a fashion? In these methods, therefore, men now living can find no consolation. The Labour view on the moral aspect of the case is that it is monstrous that millions of men who won the war for their country should now find themselves at work toiling hard to provide interest of £1,000,000 a day to be paid to persons most of whom were able to stay at home and lend huge sums while other men were away fighting.

Ninety-five per cent. of the war debt is held by about 10 per cent. of the population. The value of the interest has greatly increased since the money was loaned, though proposals to reduce the interest are resisted by Labour on the ground that a bargain when made should be kept, and that this particular loan should not be selected from many forms of investment for separate treatment. Many outside the ranks of Labour might, however, read with interest what Mr. Baldwin said upon this subject in his Budget speech on April 16th of the present year. In the next seven years nearly one-half of the debt will mature, and Mr. Baldwin said that "much would depend upon the terms on which the country could re-borrow that money." Mr. Baldwin's view on the Capital Levy was given on June 29th in a speech delivered at a meeting of his party. "It is," he said, "no good meeting propaganda about a Capital Levy by merely saying it is a form of robbery, for two reasons: first, it would not be true; and, secondly, nobody would believe you when you said it. Capital Levy is a perfectly legitimate form of taxation, because all taxation partakes of the nature of a Capital Levy; but what you have got to show people is that it is stupid." He did not show that it was.

The language of Mr. Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons to a Labour deputation on Wednesday, November 14th, 1917, was:—

"The question of . . . conscription of wealth is entirely a matter of expediency, and I think it is a matter which concerns mainly, not the working classes, but the people who have money. In my opinion it is simply a question of whether it will pay them best, and pay the country best, to have a general Capital Levy, and reduce the National Debt as far as you can, or

have it continued for fifty years as a constant burden of taxation."

The debt grew so large in the next two years that Mr. Bonar Law's figure of 50 years has now become 150.

A special Debt Redemption Levy imposed on individual property owners in proportion to their ability to pay would pay off within a few years a large part of the debt. If this policy had been adopted in 1919 the present financial situation would be incomparably easier than it is. At that time it would have been possible to supplement the general levy by a special levy on war fortunes. But that opportunity was allowed to slip, and it is now too late to trace war fortunes.

We must now fall back upon the general levy, the case for which has been strengthened by the experience of the last three years, in spite of the deflation policy which has, in that time, greatly increased the actual burden of the debt. It offers the best and least painful way of escape from a financial situation which will otherwise prove increasingly intolerable. It is admitted by the financial experts to be a perfectly feasible financial operation; and it is supported by some of the most clear-headed economists outside the Labour Party.

It is sometimes supposed that the levy would be required to be paid in cash, and that therefore panic and dislocation in the business world would be caused through forced realisations of property at a time when "everyone would be wanting to sell and none to buy." This is a complete mistake. Payment of the levy would be accepted either in cash or in Government or other securities readily realisable on the Stock Exchange. Most of the levy would, in fact, be paid by a mere transfer of securities. This would be the simplest method of all, and it might therefore be worth while to encourage it by offering a small discount on all payments speedily made in this form or in money.

The State could devise a way of accepting such substantial credit as would adequately represent the amount to be exacted from us. It need not be in one payment, and provided a limited period were fixed we could arrange our instalments, as we have always done, to meet our obligations. Capital in the main comes under the head of stocks

and securities, war-loan holdings, shares in companies and trading concerns, factories, railways, mines, land, buildings, docks, wharves, warehouses, machinery, works of art, and household property.

No disturbance of business would be involved in any of the methods of payment, but only changes in the ownership of a number of pieces of paper. At no time would there be a rush to sell. At no time would the market for securities be overloaded. At no time would there be any more " disturbance of the foundations of finance " than there was when in a short period all the capital was moved, as war loan, from where it then was to where it now is.

Persons liable to pay the levy would have to declare the value of their possessions with risks of prosecution, as now, for failure or falsification. The difficulty of declaring property values is always magnified by opponents of the Capital Levy. Precisely the same valuations are now being made every day for death duty reasons, and no more and no less property or difficulty would be involved in the case of the same persons in the course of a Capital Levy.

The responsibility for complying with the law would rest upon the individual responsible for observing the law.

In relation to a Capital Levy the individual would merely have to do what he always has to do when the law requires him to obey.

It is true that the individual frequently says he cannot do a thing, but it is more true that he usually does it. No extensive bureaucracy would be required for the work of assessment, and the capital could be gathered by existing Revenue staffs.

Special difficulties of realisation could be met by special provisions for payment over a period of years, and there is probably no new detail or case of hardship which this plan for the special relief of the State would reveal. The difference between a levy on capital and the imposition on income of heavy taxes is a difference not of principle or amount but of period. The money must be found. It can come only from one place. It can come only from where it is. If incomes and profits which are the yield of labour and energy cannot bear the burden the State must draw on our individual reserves and meet an emergency situation by emergency means.

The levy would not, of course, reduce the quantity or reproductive power of capital. It would convey some part of capital from one set of hands to another. The State is always doing that with fairly general consent.

A special levy on capital would indubitably be the greatest contribution we could make to secure insurance against tendencies to unrest and a deepening discontent which keeps the minds of masses of people in an unsettled if not threatening condition. Within these masses there must now be included a considerable number of men and women not formerly graded as the working class. Indeed, social and financial questions have undergone a rearrangement in the past few years, and the privations suffered by a considerable number of the lower middle class have added to the dissatisfaction traceable in great degree to the financial position of the nation.

The starting-point suggested by Labour for the levy to begin is capital of a value of £5,000. Below that figure nothing would be paid by any capitalist or property owner. Beyond that figure the levy would fall only on any amount above the £5,000. The percentage of levy would be small on the smaller possessions and would grow larger in the degree of the value of the capital possessed. The burden would thereby be adjusted to ability and the total result would secure a sum to pay off half the National Debt or more.

If there is an alternative policy, honestly intended to reduce the capital burden of war-debt within a reasonable time, it has yet to be propounded. Financiers and Chancellors have reputations for exceptional resource and inventiveness. They never had a greater opportunity than the national necessity now offers to them. If they have no remedy other than that of further taxation they are doomed, and, however desperate the plan of the Labour Party may appear, it will be accepted because it is the only plan which offers effective release.

Any number of reasons for not applying this plan can be cited; but that has always been true of almost every newly suggested tax. There may be valid objections and real difficulties in the practical application of the levy. These are not insuperable. It is worth while to try to overcome them to rescue the country from the danger which con-

tinued indebtedness involves. A levy on capital may not be equitable. No tax ever was. When not taxes but men had to be collected to save the life of the country, men fought not for themselves but for all of us. The sacrifice was theirs, but the security fell to those of us who could not be called upon to make the sacrifices and face the ordeal of the soldier. We talked of equality of sacrifice, but we knew that for reasons of age and physical fitness it was impossible. The thrifty have always been penalised in the sense that they have always been able to do more for their country than the thriftless, and those who have squandered their money and failed to build up capital reserves would, in relation to a Capital Levy, stand only in the same position as they have always stood in respect to other State demands. True thriftlessness penalises itself, but the millions to-day in our own country alone, whose lives are continually near the starvation limit through the operation of immense economic forces which they are helpless to struggle against, are not easily impressed by the argument that the levy would be a penalty on thrift as they understand the word.

The possessors of property above a total sum which Parliament may fix could in truth much more easily find from their resources their portion of the levy than those millions of men found themselves able to leave all behind them and march out to foreign lands when the country called upon them to fill the armies. To fill the coffers of the State should not be a greater task than many tasks already performed. To save the country physically, millions of men had to offer their lives. To save the country financially, those who have substantial capital should now offer a share of it. The most which the rich man could give to save his country was his life, and that was no more than the poor man also had to give.

These facts have gone far to recast a sense of State obligation. The burden which the State has had to assume should be lessened with as little compunction to the substantial possessors of capital as we have shown towards millions of wage earners who recently have had to forfeit as a result of lower pay hundreds of millions yearly in tribute to the stern necessities of British trade.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Gambling and Horse-racing

"I see," said Heddle, the landlord of the Hare and Hounds, "that the Reverend Mr. Jones has written to the papers to say that if betting is legalised by having a tax put on it, he'll lead a national campaign against gambling and speculation."

"More power to his elbow!" replied Commissionaire Sergeant Murphy. "It's a man like him that the counthry's looking for. Be Hivins! if he starts a crusade agen speculation and taking risks, I'll carry a banner in the procission meself!

"Every time," he continued, "that I think of the way we go off and open shops in sthrange neighbourhoods, finance theatres, start newspapers, lind money to company promoters, invist in oilfields and gold mines, thrustin' blindly in Providence and the honesty of the directors——

"Sure, we're all gamblers—improvidint, reckless gamblers, taking a chance about everything from appendicitis to divorce."

"He don't mean that," said Heddle. "He means the working man backing horses."

"I know he does," replied the Sergeant. "Every moral reform starts with the working man—and inds with him. Who is dhrink a curse to? The working man. Prohibit it. Who robs his wife and childhren in order to waste his wages backing horses? The working man. Abolish racing news. Whose moral fibre is sapped be listening to a band on Sunday? The working man's. Abolish Sunday bands. And so on. Isn't it wonderful to think that working is so popular in this counthry, after all?

"The day that I see the Riverend Mr. Jones booted out of the Bath Club for thrying to convert the mimbers from gambling, or challenging the Chairman of the National Liberal Club to a debate on dhrink, or holding a prayer meetin' outside the House of Lords for the salvation of the wicked peers who play tinnis on their own private courts on Sunday—that day, Heddle, the Riverend Mr. Jones will find me at his back."

"I don't see no harm in the working man having his little bit on a horse," said Heddle.

"Of course ye don't. No more does anyone else with sinse. I've known hundhreds of working min in me time, and ye'll be surprised to learn that there are actually some o' them that don't beat their wives or let their childhren starve. Be Hivins! I'll go further, and say that one or two of thim have nearly as much affection for their wives and kids as the Riverend Mr. Jones has for the Riverend Mrs. Jones and all the Riverend Little Joneses.

"Mind ye, I won't say that some of thim don't neglect their homes and don't spind money on racing that ought to go for bread and boots. But the working class hasn't a monopoly of that kind of fellah, and ye've only to look at the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court to discover how often wild and hazardous speculation, as they call it, brings a wance proud family to living at inferior hotels.

"But the working man has no capital except his two hands, and his bets are made out of his weekly wage, and ginerally out of the little bit he reserves for his own little luxuries. He's always dreaming, scoundhrel that he is, that some day he'll have a run of luck—a double evint at long odds, or maybe a threble, and turn an invistment of a bob each way maybe into a hundhred pounds, and then the wife and kiddies will have the time of their lives.

"Listen to this. I know a liftman, named Clancy, who works tin hours a day six days a week. It's as thrilling as the life of a goldfish in a bowl. His one hobby is studying racing form and results, so that wance a week he can have a couple of bob on a horse. That's the only excitement in his life—the only bit of colour. An' he was wan of the min that got to the top of Chocolate Hill with the Tinth Division! I saw him just afther, whin the Turks had pushed thim back, and his bay'net and rifle was blood up to the back-sight. Now if he wants to have a little flutter, he has to do it in a hole-and-corner way, and if he's caught, he loses his job."

"This Mr. Jones," remarked Heddle, "warns the working man that money gained at backing horses will only bring unhappiness."

"From an extinsive knowledge of the bookmaker," answered Sergeant Murphy, "I can say that the amount in question isn't worth worrying about."

The New Knowledge

By L. Cope Cornford

From time to time there emerges a book which, at first hardly distinguished from the multitude of its fellows, presently exerts a steadily increasing influence upon thought and conduct. There may be many works dealing with the same subject, which are neglected, or which are read and laid aside; and then comes the one book with its secret charm. In what does that secret charm consist? It is hidden in the personality of the author. He has it or he has it not. If we call it inspiration, we are no nearer to reading the secret. But it may be observed that such a book commonly presents an answer to a question which is in everyone's mind, an answer which the reader, he knows not why, feels to be true. The chief merit in any book, said Dr. Johnson, is truth; and that great and good man, with his superb common sense, was right as usual.

Such a book, unless the present writer is mistaken, is *Nerves and Personal Power*,* by Dr. D. Macdougall King. Let no one be deterred by the title, which, although it indicates the subject of the work, by no means conveys its full import. The book is, in fact, a very remarkable treatise, expressed in the simplest terms, upon scientific morality, which may be shortly defined as the principles of conduct founded upon proved facts.

The principles of moral conduct are not, of course, new, nor does Dr. King recapitulate the Ten Commandments. What is new is the discovery of the direct relation existing between bodily health and moral integrity. It is that discovery—which, indeed, is among the greatest discoveries—which Dr. King makes clear. For instance, it is the fact that a person suffering from what is comprehensively called " nerves," is really suffering from the consequences of some defect of conduct. Correct the conduct and the nerves will be cured. Here, of course, the distinc-

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tion between what the doctors call functional disorder and organic disorder must be clearly drawn. All disorders are either functional, which means that a part of the physical machinery, sound in itself, is not doing its work properly; or organic, which means that a part of the machinery itself is damaged. It is easy to understand that the symptoms in both cases are often the same. Until of recent years, a doctor who could find nothing organically wrong placidly remarked "Nerves"; and went on to call on his next patient; or he prescribed rest, or a sea-voyage, or something equally expensive and difficult and useless. A doctor who proceeds on that principle to-day does not know his business.

The new knowledge springs from the discovery that the physical self and the moral self (as, for want of a better, they are called) are not truly two entities, but truly one, in the sense that they are so closely related that for practical purposes they are indissoluble. Dr. King makes clear the wonderful mechanism by means of which impulses sent from the brain are instantaneously transmitted along the nerve-paths, as a message is sped upon a telephone wire. The impulse is invisible and has no substance. The nerve is a material thing which can be seen and handled. Nevertheless, the nerve-path becomes by disuse partly blocked; and, conversely, by frequent use it becomes so wholly open that the impulse travels along it, in the common phrase, automatically.

It is, of course, familiar knowledge that practice in any given physical or mental exercise makes that exercise increasingly easier. But Dr. King shows how the principle acts in exactly the same way in respect of moral exercise. More: a moral negligence, by means of the mysterious and complex process of the association of ideas, actually affects abilities in quite other directions. For instance, a person who has suppressed the memory of a fault committed, is suddenly unable to remember names or dates.

Every cause must produce its effect, neither more nor less. Disorders of the nerves, or functional disorders, have long been recognised as effects; and the patient pioneers of science have now traced (in part) the causes of those effects. It was at one time a religious doctrine

that sickness and disease were the judgment of God delivered upon the sufferer. There was truth in that teaching, inasmuch as sickness and disease are the result of some violation of the law of nature, either on the part of the sufferer or of someone else. So far as it went, it was a scientific truth. But neither the acceptance of the judgment, nor the rejection, alone, of it on the part of the sufferer, cured his disorder.

The older ideas which are superseded by the discoveries of science are often regarded as being of a different kind from the new ideas; as if the old ideas possessed some inherent superiority over the new. That is a mistake, probably due to the reluctance of the mind to receive a new idea; and that reluctance is itself due to the trouble involved in forcing a new path along the nerves, instead of following the path worn easy by constant use. For the old ideas were acquired by exactly the same process as the process by which new ideas are acquired: which is the discovery of truth. There is but the one test, which is truth. And there is only one truth, although it is apprehended in divers manners and in varying degrees.

Dr. King takes his stand upon ascertained and demonstrable fact. His test of moral conduct is truth. Conduct is either true, that is, in accordance with what the moral self believes to be true; or it is false, that is, consciously or even unconsciously evading truth. By virtue of a beneficent economy of nature, it is often sufficient if a man acts in accordance with his convictions, although these may be mistaken. But if they are mistaken, he must beware lest he neglect the occasion for correcting them, for in so doing he evades truth and must suffer the consequences of evasion.

The two weapons of the moral self are volition and self-control. Volition is the vigilant and unsleeping exercise of the will. Self-control may be regarded also as the exercise of the will; but here there falls to be drawn a subtle distinction, which is itself a new discovery. Dr. King defines true self-control, not as the *conflict* with a wish or the suppression of it, but as the *relinquishing* of the desire. Thus true self-control is ceasing to wish. It is now known that to contend with a desire which is felt

to be wrong, without renouncing it, is to arouse a moral conflict which distracts and wearies. That conflict, too, ends in the suppression of desire below the level of consciousness, where it continues to work evil. A suppressed wish may and does manifest itself in bodily disorders. And by the operation of the same law, a suppressed memory of evil, or of some painful event, works like a malignant disease, because its existence is a form of falsity; for the sufferer has lacked the courage to drag it into the light of truth.

If ever any man earned the right to speak of what he knows, it is the heroic American doctor. Stricken with tuberculosis and condemned by his colleagues to death, Dr. King tackled the disease and vanquished it by sheer determination. He had so far recovered that he was able to resume the practice of his profession, when he was attacked by muscular atrophy, an incurable, a progressive and eventually a fatal paralysis. Dr. King accepted the inevitable; carried into practice his axiom that a man's "suffering is no worse than his inability to direct his thoughts"; and, unable to leave his couch, and towards the last unable to hold a pen, he wrote the book, *Nerves and Personal Power*, as the best he could do for the world he was leaving.

In the view of the present writer, Dr. King did better than he knew. He is perhaps the one man of science who, amid a confusion of medical theories, psychological discoveries and religious controversies, has fused these discordant elements into a single clear flame of wisdom.

"There is in nature," he wrote, "only one wrong and one right, and punishment or reward is proportional to the *degree* to which we fail or succeed in striving for the right. The one *wrong* is *selfishness*, which might better have been called mistaken selfishness. The one *right* is that we shall make our bodies and mental attitude *conform to what we realise is wise*."

A Constitutional Safeguard

By Harold Cox

One of the most unsatisfactory features of the present political situation is the failure of the Government to take any steps to amend the admitted defects of our parliamentary constitution. Under the existing constitution if the Labour Party obtained a majority in the House of Commons, it could, within a period of two years, abolish the second chamber, confiscate private capital, and pass any measures it chose for the destruction of English liberties and the establishment of revolutionary socialism. Alone among the nations of the world —with the possible exception of one or two South American republics—England has placed her liberties at the mercy of a chance majority in a single parliamentary chamber. We owe this fact and the dangers that it involves to the political events that began with the Lloyd Georgian budget of 1909 and developed into the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. The main feature of that budget has since been scrapped with the consent of its author, and the Home Rule Act which was passed as soon as the veto of the House of Lords had been abolished proved to be so hopelessly unfitted to the facts of the Irish situation that its operation had to be suspended, and it has long passed into the limbo of forgotten follies.

These examples of single-chamber legislation alone constitute a fairly serious warning against the danger of leaving the House of Commons free to impose on the country any scheme of legislation that can momentarily command a majority in the division lobby. It is a matter of urgent importance that steps should be taken with as little delay as possible to undo the mischief done by the Parliament Act of 1911, and to establish a constitutional system which will give the electors of the kingdom power to protect themselves against the vagaries of elected persons.

Merely to restore the veto of the House of Lords

would not effect this purpose. It has to be realised that there are dangers to the country from a Conservative as well as from a Radical or a Socialist Party, and if the House of Lords should continue in the future to be what it was in the past—a somewhat subservient ally of the Conservative Party—it might connive at the passing of measures by that party in the teeth of national disapproval. This danger was indeed fully realised during the tariff reform controversy, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1904 had the courage and straightforwardness to say that he was willing that the broad issue of the abandonment of free trade should be submitted to a referendum. Other prominent tariff reformers took the same line in the political crisis that followed the budget of 1909. Speaking at the Constitutional Club in February, 1911, Mr. Balfour (now Lord Balfour) said that in his opinion the referendum ought to form a permanent part of our constitution and that the question of tariff reform ought to be submitted to a referendum. But the Liberals of that period, while professing as ever the doctrine of "Trust in the People," refused to respond to the challenge that Liberal as well as Conservative projects should be submitted to the judgment of a popular vote. The war has wiped these and many other issues out of the public mind; but the dangers they illustrate still remain.

The referendum provides an essentially democratic method of meeting those dangers. What the referendum does is to give the electors themselves the power to say Yes or No to specific legislative proposals. Switzerland, which is the most democratically governed country in the world, has long enjoyed the advantages of the referendum, and the Swiss people have repeatedly used that institution to reject revolutionary or ill-digested legislation. The referendum is also an institution of old standing in the United States. In the case of the State of Massachusetts it dates back as far as the year 1780, a fact which indicates that the idea of a direct appeal to the people on grave issues had its origin in England. The referendum is also well known and frequently used in the Dominions. In Australia it dates from the establishment of the Commonwealth by Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom in 1900. That Act forbade any alteration in the constitution

of the Commonwealth except with the approval of the electors themselves by means of a poll of the people. Several referenda have since taken place in the Commonwealth, and it is significant that in the majority of cases the result has been to reject schemes passed by the legislature. The referendum has also been adopted by several of the separate States of the Commonwealth, and among other useful purposes has been employed to prevent members of the various legislatures voting increased salaries to themselves.

The importance of the power to refer specific issues to the electors is apparent directly we consider the actual practice of electioneering. In a parliamentary election the issue rarely turns on the merits or demerits of projected schemes of legislation, even where these projects have been announced in advance and publicly discussed. Members of Parliament are chosen far more on personal grounds, due to their local popularity or local influence, or on grounds of party allegiance. That the result of an election expresses a general approval for the main principles of the victorious party is, of course, true, but it does not in the least follow that the electors have given in advance approval to every Bill that the ensuing Government may introduce. In practice the measures which a victorious political party introduces into Parliament often have little to do with the issues which were most keenly discussed during the election. Often they are due to a combination of influences threatening the existence of the Government if it does not make concessions to this or that powerful interest. Consequently it may easily happen, and often does happen, that measures for which the country has never asked, and which it would certainly condemn if it were consulted, are forced through the House of Commons by the party machine.

If then there is no appeal from the decision of the House of Commons, legislation may be imposed upon the country against the wishes of the majority of electors. It may be argued that this danger could be averted by the creation of a reformed second chamber sufficiently powerful to be able effectively to say No to the House of Commons. But though the reform of the House of Lords is a matter of very great importance it is an extremely

complicated problem, which cannot be quickly solved. On the other hand, to pass an Act establishing the referendum is a comparatively simple matter. Assuming the principle of the referendum to be accepted—and it was definitely accepted by the Conservative Party in 1913—the only detailed question to be determined is by what agency it shall be put into operation. Merely to give the House of Lords the power of referring any contentious measure to a poll of the people as proposed by the Unionist Party in 1913 would not be quite fair to other parties, for, as above explained, the House of Lords is normally an ally of the Conservative Party, and, therefore, if to it alone were entrusted the power of demanding the referendum, that power might be used to put a barrier in the way of Liberal or Labour legislation, while letting Conservative legislation slip through. If there is to be fair play, provision ought to be made for enabling the electors themselves to be heard even if both Houses are agreed on particular legislative schemes. This can be done either by allowing a minority in the House of Commons to demand a referendum, or better still, by giving this right to a specified number of electors, who must join in signing a petition. In Switzerland the number is 30,000. In view of the difference of population the figure for this country ought to be at least 100,000. Of necessity some trouble and some expense would be involved in securing this number of signatures; but that in itself would constitute a useful precaution against the referendum being demanded except in cases of real need. We do not want to have a referendum every few months. It might also be made a condition that the petitioners for a referendum should collectively deposit a substantial sum of money—say £10,000—towards the expenses of the poll of the people, to be forfeited if the decision went against them. The cost of a referendum would be quite insignificant in comparison with that of a general election. There would in most cases be none of the raging, tearing propaganda that characterises a parliamentary contest between two individuals, each striving for a prize which he apparently covets. The struggle would be quieter because people would be compelled to give their minds to the consideration of a non-personal issue. There would be no public

expenditure except that involved in printing the polling papers and paying clerks for attendance at the polling booths and for counting the votes.

That the general body of English and Scottish electors is opposed to revolutionary measures there can be little doubt, but the Socialists and their friends are extremely astute in political propaganda, and might easily succeed in securing a temporary majority by making clever promises to momentarily deluded electors. When subsequently these promises came under discussion and the consequences of attempting to give effect to them began to be realised by the public, the general body of opinion would at once reject schemes, the authors of which had secured election by attractively vague promises. This is the real value of the referendum, that it gives the people themselves the power to pronounce a decision after vague electioneering proposals have finally taken precise shape in the text of a Bill. The mere existence of this power of appeal to the people would certainly have a favourable influence upon the procedure of Parliament. At present, as anyone familiar with the procedure of the House of Commons is aware, the amount of thought given to the details of legislation by the average Member of Parliament is almost zero. Members constantly vote without the slightest idea of what they are voting upon, simply obeying the order of the party whips. Elaborate Bills are hurried through Parliament without anyone, except perhaps a few permanent officials, having had time seriously to weigh the consequences of many of the clauses. This carelessness in the discharge of legislative duties would become much more dangerous to members of Parliament if they knew that the Bills which they were so carelessly treating might subsequently give rise to a demand for a referendum.

For the benefit of readers to whom the working of the referendum is unfamiliar it is desirable to emphasise the point that when a referendum takes place the sole question submitted to the electors is whether a particular Bill, which has already passed through all its stages in the legislature, should become law. Suppose, for example, that a Labour Government had passed a Six Hours Day Bill, for establishing a compulsory limit of six hours a day upon workers in all occupations, and that a referendum was taken on that

issue. The polling cards would then be somewhat in the following form:—

> Do you wish the measure entitled "The Six Hours Day Bill" to become law?
> Answer: Yes or No.

The verdict on such a simple and definite issue as this would be unmistakable and beyond challenge.

It should be added that in Switzerland, and also in many of the States of the North American Union, there is in addition to the Referendum an institution known as the Initiative. The purpose of the Initiative is to give the electors power to instruct the legislature to pass measures to secure certain objects. There may be in the abstract a logical connection between the Referendum and the Initiative; but in England at any rate we have no need for the latter. Our Parliament is quite sufficiently prompt in taking up measures for which there is any popular cry. Our essential need is for an instrument to prevent the legislature from forcing upon the country measures which have never been specifically considered by the electors.

The practical issue at the moment is whether the present ministry will without further delay bring into existence this invaluable safeguard against the dangers now threatening the country from the ever-active Socialist Party. Why there should be any hesitation in the matter it is difficult to understand. Every member of the present ministry is probably an opponent of single-chamber government, yet that in effect is the system under which we are now living. Merely to restore the veto of the House of Lords would not only be unfair as above argued, but it would also be insufficient, for there would be nothing to prevent a repetition of the incidents which led to the abolition of the veto in 1911. The only sure and certain way of preventing the continuance of single chamber government, with all the dangers that result from it, is to give the people themselves the right to pronounce a final verdict on the proposals of the legislature.

As It Was in the Beginning

By "X"

It would be very little use describing the outer shell of Michael Shrago. An Irishman would recognise the description, but an Englishman would almost certainly fail to do so. Michael Shrago is common enough in Ireland and one may find him any day at the corner of a mean Dublin street; over here, however, those shifty Irish eyes of pale blue, those sharp features modelled carelessly in soiled putty, are not often encountered.

Even less useful would be an attempt to body forth the mental life of this organism. Such an attempt would skirt too closely the confines of the incredible, and the solid Saxon (destitute of ideals, wit, sparkle, imagination) would merely mutter "Bedlam," and turn away. A brief hint is all that will be given, therefore, concerning the contents of Michael Shrago's skull. . . .

One day in spring an old man who lived on a mountainside in a cabin felt a stirring in his veins that was familiar to him, for he had married twice and was now a widower. But this year, since he was approaching a certain age, the stirring was more powerful than in preceding years.

So he went into Footerstown and bought from her parents Kathleen O'Callahan, a ripe maiden of seventeen, and took her back with him to his cabin in the mountains. And Kathleen was pleased and her parents were pleased, for the old man was well known to eat meat twice a day and to have gold buried in a quiet place.

But Michael Shrago, who had no gold above or below ground, was not pleased. Nor were certain friends of his who ate meat but once a week. And Footerstown was not pleased. An old man, thrifty, prosperous, contented, wedding a young girl and she pleased with the bargain: it was enough. It was too much. Envy, lying with Discontent upon an earthen floor, begot a brood of strange happenings.

A waver of red on their bedroom ceiling and an agonised cackling of fowls awoke the old man and his

dear. He hurried to the window and was in time to see his henhouse go up in flames. More puzzling was another phenomenon: three great moving tongues of fire that, starting from the precincts of his cabin, rushed out into the night at a prodigious speed, gyrated madly for a while, and then died away.

Meanwhile the flames had revealed a dark figure or two hastening down the mountain.

The next day all Footerstown bubbled and simmered with laughter. Nothing so witty, so idealistic, so sparkling, so imaginative, had been done in those parts for a very long time. To pour half a drum of paraffin over a henhouse and set it alight, hens and all; to drench the old devil's goats with the same liquid, set them alight, too, and drive them forth and they flaring like volcanoes: this was indeed a joke. Moreover, it was a lesson for the old man. It would teach him.

It would teach him the danger of being different; of being thrifty when his neighbours were thriftless; of being happy when they were discontented. It would bring home to him his lust and lechery in taking a young wife. And it would remind him that the proper place to keep goats and hens is in the kitchen, and not where the cursed English keep them, in outhouses.

It taught Michael something, too. No pang of pleasure known to lovers, soever sensitive, could compare with the strange, exquisite suffusion that drowned his being when he caught sight of the old man at his window, helpless with horror, watching his goats run blazing into the night. The memory of it lasted a long time.

To a man with a temperament like this the problem of choosing a trade would seem to offer no difficulties. One might imagine that the profession of arms was clearly indicated. Those light effervescences of the human spirit which find their outlet in murder, torture, and minor cruelties are here co-ordinated, intensified, and directed to a definite end. The dealing out of death and destruction becomes a noble art, blessed by priests, smiled upon by vicars. One would have thought, therefore, that Michael would have been a soldier.

Michael, however, regarded the problem from a different angle. Sweet, no doubt, to see the misery and

anguish of one's fellow-men; but let there be any prospect, even the remotest, of retaliation, and that sweetness vanished. Safety was essential. He realised that, to yield up its extreme of pleasure to him, the deed must be done in the dark; the dealer of death must be safe from his victim; the shot must be in the back.

And so he did not become a soldier.

He became a patriot instead. This gave him fuller scope for his peculiar abilities. In the pursuit of high national ideals, first against the usurping English, then against a corrupt Free State, he found many opportunities to study in perfect safety the theory and practice of murder, arson, and robbery. And he did not neglect his opportunities. He became a man of note. He was an important person. He wore a trench-coat, brown leggings, and a black velours hat.

On Saturday, December 23rd, 1922, business connected with the deposition of a land-mine necessitated Michael's presence in Dublin, after dark. A car had been sent to fetch him, but unfortunately it failed to put in an appearance at his lurking place. This *contretemps* was the result of an error of judgment on the part of the driver, who, neglecting to stop when ordered to do so by a patrol, was seized with a sudden indisposition and died hurriedly by the roadside.

So Michael had to take a tram from Blackrock. A nuisance, for it meant that his uniform (trench-coat, brown leather leggings, black velours hat) must be discarded and a disguise adopted in its place. It was as a railwayman, therefore, that he boarded a number seven tram at the end of St. George's Avenue. He ascended to the top deck and took a seat facing the door.

The tram bore its usual Saturday night burden of shifty-eyed folk, each suspicious of his neighbour, each looking as though strange secrets rotted inside his skull. Michael detected many eyes that glanced and glanced away. But he felt secure. His disguise was good. He took out a packet of Gola cigarettes and lit one of them. Then he leaned back and watched the light blinking on Dun-Laoghaire pier.

It may have been that, as the tram journeyed joltingly towards Nelson Pillar, he mused a little upon the

numerous opportunities of upholding national traditions and ideals which had come his way and had been so well utilised. A certain episode in Grafton Street, full of Celtic sparkle and imagination, may have flitted through his mind. He had laughed over it a good deal at the time. It had been such a droll affair.

Grafton Street at dusk with the shops lit up, the pavements congested, and Michael Shrago selling newspapers in the gutter. Michael Shrago, disguised with extra dirt, rags, and a pair of cracked boots.

An English sergeant, Mons ribbon and all, passes slowly through the crush. He has an Irish girl on his arm and she pilots him to a shop window opposite Michael Shrago. By and by there is a small, sharp crack, like that of a whip. The sergeant falls. Shrieks. Crowding. Confusion. Then death.

And a hole smouldering secretly in Michael's coat pocket.

Or he may have been thinking about that affair in the Stillorgan Road which he had brought to a successful conclusion only a short time ago. There were points about this, too, which appealed to his sense of humour as an Irishman. What had the fool kept on saying? "Where are ye taking me? Where are ye taking me?"

Where were they taking him!

There was a fair sprinkling of folk along the road, and motors passed from time to time. But nobody interfered. Nobody dared interfere. Nobody wanted to interfere. A nursemaid with a perambulator watched the job from beginning to end.

"Where are ye taking me? Where are ye taking me? What have I done?" he kept on saying. He was a droll fellow.

They ran him up the lane and dropped him just inside a gate. Then Michael gave him two in the stomach and one in the head. Sam Hogan had a go at him, too.

After that they ran back to the Ford and drove off to Dundrum: idealists in trench-coats, leggings, and black velours. . . .

The tram stopped with a jerk. Merrion Gates. Two men came on board. One of them climbed to the top deck and took a seat near the door. Michael glanced at him,

but he was only an ordinary sort of fellow in a brown suit. Prosperous. Well-fed. Forty. A harmless type. Probably going to the theatre.

Michael returned to his thoughts.

It was on a tram that they caught Creasy. Michael had been in that affair, too. Creasy was taking Norah Lynch to the pictures and was unarmed (Norah had seen to that). There was no time to run him up a side street, in the usual way, and so they . . .

Hell! what was wrong now? The tram had stopped again and the passengers were staring uneasily through the windows. Michael looked out too. And as he looked breath failed him and fear began to burrow in his entrails.

There were green uniforms across the roadway.

It was a hold-up. A search for concealed arms. God, why hadn't he been warned? Somebody at headquarters should suffer for this.

He heard a loud voice down below: "Stand up. Stand up," it said.

Oily beads broke out on Michael's forehead. Bloody hell, what a fool he had been! Why hadn't he brought little Molly Byrne with him? His automatic would have been safe under her skirt—as it had been a dozen times before. Christ, this was a go! They would get him this time, for sure. He looked round wildly. These damned women were no good. Not a one of them would help. Christ . . .

"Stand up. Stand up," said a voice in the doorway.

The man in brown whispered something rapidly through the corner of his mouth and the officer swung round and looked at Shrago.

Michael's right hand made a quick movement. But he was too late.

There was a sharp crack. Shrieks. Crowding. Confusion. And then——

Pain.

The car was filled with pain. The world was filled with pain. Pain filled the whole universe. God in heaven, would it never cease? . . .

It ceased at length.

And Michael Shrago lay still.

The Fascist Movement in Italian Life*

By Anthony M. Ludovici

It is never an easy task to understand the domestic politics of foreign countries. Differences of race, of national traditions, and of culture play a part which renders any accurate calculation extremely difficult. Who, for instance, understands Bolshevism, how it works and what it really is? We can realise how the huge Muscovite population of Russia, which in 1914 had hardly emerged from barbarism, readily relapsed into that condition when once the unprecedented strain of a great war, combined with misrule and feeble leadership, led to the overthrow of the Government; but as a fact and a term does it convey anything to our minds, apart from its obvious effects upon the country of its birth? Could it have any existence away from the soil on which it grew? Would it stand a chance among a people that had enjoyed many centuries of active political life? And when the barbarians of Russia threaten to spread their barbarism beyond the frontiers of their own land, may we not hope to see those radical differences of race and national tradition—intangible and elusive though they may be—springing up everywhere to resist the Mongolian scourge?

What is true of Bolshevism, however, is also true of every essentially indigenous political growth. We are still much too national and dissimilar even to understand one another; how can we possibly fear mutual infection?

Fascism is no exception to this rule. It is as difficult to grasp as any other form of purely national politics, and the more people write about it the more perplexing and mystifying does it appear. Certainly Dr. Gorgolini's book cannot be said to be very helpful; and unless the reader of this volume has had access to other sources of information, it is unlikely that he will profit much from its perusal. Its worst fault is its total lack of methodical exposition.

* By Dott. Pietro Gorgolini. (Fisher Unwin, 1923, 10s. net.)

In order to understand a little about the Fascist movement, it is essential that the events which led up to it should be carefully studied; and yet nowhere does Dr. Gorgolini give a plain, simple, and chronological outline of these events. Again, it is impossible to estimate the full value of the newness of Fascism—if it really is something wholly new—unless we are told precisely in what this newness consists. It is not enough to say that "Fascism, understanding the need for a new life, raises its voice against the ancient forms of morality and constitutionalism, against old and brutal customs, old economy and worn-out finance" (p. 127). There are far too many of these vague generalisations in Dr. Gorgolini's book. We want to know what these innovations are. We cannot appreciate Fascism, except as a mere reaction against Communistic disruption and anarchy, unless we do know what they are. Two-thirds of the way through the volume the author, indeed, confesses that Fascism has yet to "formulate its first principles" (p. 137); but how can we conceive of it as a truly creative movement, worthy of the enormous amount of attention it has attracted, and springing from a central group of new ideas, if it is not already in possession of these first principles? Nor is the repeated enunciation of the Fascist programme of practical politics throughout this volume sufficient to make up for this deficiency. For we see nothing in these measures which promises either a new world or a new order. Perhaps this is not intended? Why, then, lay so much stress on the immense novelty of this movement? Why take such pains to deny that it is merely a wise "defensive reaction of the *bourgeois* class," to quote Enrico Ferri? Admitting that it is supremely wise, and led by supremely wise men, have we any reason to suppose that it is anything more than that? To judge from Dr. Gorgolini's book, we confess that we have absolutely none whatever; nor do the numerous quotations from Mussolini's speeches and articles help us much. We believe, however, that Fascism is very much greater than it is here represented to be. We do not accept Dr. Gorgolini's description of it; and the reasons for our belief we shall now attempt to give as briefly as possible.

It is romantic to expect any new and potent principle

in politics to-day—except popular inspiration and national enthusiasm—which will, as by a stroke of the wand, set everything right. The novelty of Fascism, therefore, must not be understood to consist in a bright scheme for a new order, which will bring about Utopia. It partakes far more of the nature of a new attitude of mind, a new emotional and intellectual outlook, which, by moulding men's minds, will postpone *sine die* that disintegration of modern society which so many of us are prone, with unscrupulous fatalism, to regard as the inevitable development of modern conditions. The fatalist's fatal phrase, "It must come!" is, we take it, the principal enemy against which Fascism is fighting. The indolent acquiescence of boredom, fatigue, and stupidity which characterises the attitude of most cultivated people in Western Europe to-day, and which gives Communists, anarchists, and all other barbarians more than half their strength, is precisely the spirit that Mussolini would fain banish from the modern world. And this, if anything, is his great innovation. To deny that wholesale Socialistic reforms, or that Communism, is our ultimate and inevitable bourne; to uproot the belief now gaining acceptance that there is something in the nature of a necessary evolution in the progress of extreme Socialistic and Communistic ideas—these, we take it, are among the principal objects of Fascism; and perhaps the most useful quotation from Mussolini's speeches in Dr. Gorgolini's volume, and the only one which we in England ought to take as our watchword, is: "Our aim is reality" (p. 46).

Certainly our aim ought to be reality; but what does that mean to-day? It means, in the first place, to get rid of clap-trap; to do away with the chilling fear that paralyses the indolent and the *blasé*, when the sound of the enemy's footsteps is heard in the near distance. It means, above all, the intelligent realisation of the precise value of our political ideals.

Consider, for instance, the looseness of our grasp of such questions as the relation of Might to Right, in modern England. Nothing could be less real; for, while we cheerfully acknowledge any Right, however new and inconvenient, when once it is supported by sufficient Might, we are frequently much too apathetic or too unimaginative

deliberately to gather the Might about an old and long-established Right, when it is being either assailed or undermined by determined enemies. It is too easily forgotten by a people accustomed to Parliamentary debates, and lulled into partial somnolence by their soporific effect, that in order to act with power in the political world to-day Might is just as necessary as ever it was; and Nelson's maxim that, to negotiate with effect, force should be at hand and in a position to act, has not lost any of its validity since that famous leader of men successfully concluded his negotiations in the Baltic in the year 1801. It is true that we acknowledge this principle in yielding before majorities at elections; for what is a majority if it is not latent Might supporting a particular Right? We acknowledge it also in submitting to certain modern scourges, such as the Right to strike, and therefore the Right to hold up the transport, the coal supplies, or the food of the community. But somehow we shrink from it when we are faced with the pressing need of vindicating a Right long established and traditional; and are too much inclined in a moment of crisis to rely upon the very feeble method of argument. At all events, it is this principle of Nelson's that forms part of the *aim* which is *reality*; and it is one of the principles that Mussolini put into practice with his "*Fasci di Combattimento*."

The state of Italy was lamentable. The whole country —peasants, artisans, civil servants and *bourgeoisie*—deplored Italy's small and inadequate share in the fruits of victory, and began to revile and openly to attack the war party, the Government, and the *pescecani* (the war profiteers and the new rich). The only two parties in the State that were popular were the Catholics and the Socialists; for they had been opposed to the war throughout. Between these two important parties the small band of disunited Liberals and Democrats soon proved powerless, and neither Nitti nor Giolitti was able to govern with them. Disorder broke out everywhere, fomented by discontent and doubtless by a good deal of alien (particularly Bolshevik) influence as well. From 1919 to 1920 the revolutionary spirit spread by leaps and bounds. Three large cities, Naples, Florence, and Turin, elected Communistic administrations; committees of the Reds were being formed in all directions. The peasants began to

abandon the farms and the cattle under their charge, in order to take possession of all the uncultivated areas. Meanwhile the workmen in the towns appropriated the factories and held them by force of arms. Strikes occurred in every industrial centre, and the Communists, seeing their Might increase more and more, proceeded to assume every Right, and did exactly as they pleased.

The strength of the Socialists was the outcome not only of their excellent organisation, but also of their intimate connection with the C.G.T. (the General Confederation of Labour). Both of these parties had grown to huge proportions during the war. In 1914, for instance, the P.U.S. (*Partito Ufficiale Socialista*) numbered only 42,000; in 1919 they had increased to 100,000 active members. In 1914 the C.G.T. numbered only 300,000, while in 1919 they had grown into a body 1,200,000 strong.

The formidable power of this combination made the Socialist Party one of the strongest in the State. At the first sitting of Parliament after the elections of November, 1919, 124 out of the 156 Socialists returned, shouted "Long live Lenin!", while the rest of the House acclaimed the King; and thenceforward they marched from one victory to the other, growing ever more truculent in their manner and more extravagant in their claims.

What was to be done? The fatalists shrugged their shoulders, and, declaring that "it was bound to come," prepared to bow their heads before what they regarded as a "natural evolution." And when at last things were so bad that the trains ceased to run, and the postal service no longer delivered the letters entrusted to its care; when factories fell into the hands of the labour hordes, and agriculture was abandoned by the peasants, there was not one of the Italian fatalists who did not say—in the same spirit in which thousands to-day in England speak dolefully of the inevitability of a Labour Government—that now the revolution had come there was nothing to do but to acquiesce in it.

Mussolini and his followers, however, were less romantic, less fatalistic, less inept. They saw the Communists and Maximalist Socialists claiming ever greater Rights, because they were gathering ever greater Might. Viewing the situation in the Fascist, or realistic, spirit, they concluded that the only chance of making opposing

Rights prevail, or of giving them at least a chance of survival, was not by calling their implacable opponents to a conference, or by proceeding to a general pow-wow of any description, however prodigious; it was to fling across the whole front of the Communistic and Socialistic forces another and, if possible, a superior form of Might. Nay, more!—they saw with the clarity of southerners that this Might must not merely consist of a strong party with a voice, it must consist of a strong army with a weapon, ready to return violence for violence, blow for blow. And what was the result? Everywhere, almost, the Fascists vindicated their Right. In some parts, indeed, the Communists fled ignominiously like the deserters they had welcomed into their ranks, and hundreds were reduced to the humiliating position of seeking the protection of the Carabineers, and even of the Royal Guard!

The strength of the Fascists was their speedy recognition of the realities behind the situation. This, indeed, is the whole strength of the movement. And whether we examine their excellent Agrarian policy, or their Industrial or Colonial programme, it is always this same sense of reality, together with their disinclination to bow their heads before an unpleasant fate, or to have anything to do with clap-trap and romantic ideals, which is the distinguishing feature of their contribution to modern politics.

Fascism may lose these features and decline; but as long as it retains them it cannot fail to flourish. We may not be able to learn anything from their programme, because their problems are too different from our own; we may not be able to imitate their methods, because our characters are too dissimilar; but from Mussolini's first principle, "Our aim is reality," we certainly have a tremendous deal to learn, and we cannot begin our study of it too early. For if the political life of England to-day is both decrepit and feeble everywhere except in the very quarters that are struggling for the overthrow of the existing order, it is precisely because there are no principles more urgently needed by modern Englishmen than that pursuit of reality, that hatred of fatalism, that suspicion of clap-trap and romantic ideals, and, above all, that fervent patriotism, which are the heart and soul of the Fascist movement.

"Fiddlin' Dick"

By Robin Douglas

SHAMBLING, shuffling, muttering as he plodded along his weary way, "Fiddlin' Dick" tramped the high road. Ragged of garb, unwashed, unshaven, uncared for, his outward appearance courted no favourable comment. His eyes blazed like those of a religious fanatic, as they stared unseeingly ahead of him. "Fiddlin' Dick" walked in another world, a world of his own. His hands, nervous and white, with long tapering fingers, were those of an artistic idealist.

Known throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain as "Fiddlin' Dick," his origin was a mystery; but all inquiries met with a blank stare or a shake of the head. As he kicked up the dust at the side of the hot, white road, he clutched his violin-case closely to his breast, the fingers of his left hand moving restlessly up and down the case, as though playing some delicate and intricate melody.

"Fiddlin' Dick" had no other luggage, except in an inner breast-pocket, and there lay a cheque-book. He was a man of means. For years he had roamed over the country, pursued by grim memories of Hell. On, always on . . . striving to escape the ugly devils that tormented his mind; driving his pain-racked body from one inn to the next. Seeking, for ever seeking. . . .

When he reached the inn of a night-time, he was always a welcome guest, in spite of his unkempt appearance. For when he had eaten his supper, "Fiddlin' Dick" would take the violin from its case, touching it with the loving fingers of an artist. The news would go round the village that he was at the inn that night, and soon the little parlour would be packed with people come to hear him play. These simple folk, unspoiled children of Nature, were keenly appreciative of "Fiddlin' Dick's" gift. They were undemonstrative by upbringing, but at night many pillows were wet with the tears unshed in public. Dick could move their hearts and lay bare their inner souls to themselves.

When he was going to play, Dick would tuck the violin under his chin, pick out a few chords and runs with his fingers, and then pause. As he took up his bow, a hush would fall on his audience, and the throbbing notes that the violin sang under his skilful fingers showed the beauty of soul and the agony of remorse that lay behind the uncouth exterior of the man.

Sometimes he played some classical piece from one of the great musicians' works, and perhaps sometimes he would play some air that had come to him on his trampings. It was the latter that most greatly stirred his listeners. Poignant, full of pain, vibrating with grief, the melody seemed to detach itself note by note, and pierce to every corner of the heart, whilst tears streamed down "Fiddlin' Dick's" cheeks, ploughing furrows on his lined and weather-beaten face. The violin wept in his hands. Each time he played one of his own melodies it would end on a note of faltering, querulous questioning. Then, without a word, he slackened the strings and laid the violin to rest in its case. His "Child" he called it. Silently, reverently almost, and with blurred eyes, the people would stumble out of the stuffy little parlour, leaving him with head bowed, alone with his thoughts; his memories.

In the early morning, Dick would rise, pay his score, and once again pursue his unending quest; seeking, ever seeking. . . .

It was May in the year 1922, and Dick was still tramping from one inn to another. He went, his feet protruding from the toes of his broken boots, the soles of which flopped protestingly with every step he took; his eyes wilder than ever, but at times softened with a look as if he were drawing to the close of his search. His hair, which was long, blew freely behind him in the early summer breeze, and hung in matted locks over his forehead.

It was early on a warm and beautiful morning, that Dick left Ashford, in Kent, and took to the high road that led to the Romney Marshes. Though the cherry-trees were decked in the full glory of their pink-and-white blossoms, and all around Dame Nature was rejoicing, Dick saw none of these things. His thoughts were turned inwards and roamed to the limbo of the past . . . to him, an ever-present past. Towards midday, Dick arrived at a

church, square towered and ivy-covered, slumbering near a cluster of red-tiled cottages and small farms. He stopped, and, taking from his capacious pockets a large beef sandwich and a bottle of beer, he lunched, without any further preparation than to grasp his violin-case tightly between his knees. After he had eaten, and carefully buried the paper in which the sandwich had been wrapped, he filled and lit his pipe; then, when it was drawing to his pleasure, he lay back and gave himself up to dreaming.

He looked along the road towards the flat expanse of the Marshes, where the light of the sun danced on the waters of the intersecting dykes, and the breeze rippled through the rushes, bowing them before it. Slowly his eyes travelled round the horizon, remembering each landmark, identifying each cottage, each clump of trees, everything that held some memory for him, happy or sad. That lightning-struck willow, by the pond next the field. It looked exactly the same as when he had paddled into the cold and squelchy black mud to reach a water-hen's nest . . . that was twenty years ago. But it all seemed the same. There by that tall elm-tree, just ten years ago—he looked hurriedly at another part of the landscape. Since he had left it ten years ago—he was then a man of twenty-five—he had never visited the village. When he left it he had hidden his identity and became "Fiddlin' Dick." His fame as a violinist was known here, too. He had learnt that. But he had registered a vow within himself never to return until he felt he could forgive. And now he had come back. Unrecognised by any of the people that occasionally passed him, Richard Amberton once more stood on his own land.

Clutching his violin-case closely to him, "Fiddlin' Dick" rose wearily and walked to the lych-gate that opened on to the churchyard. He leant against the post that had lost its paint and was fast being rotted away by a green fungus, and looked at the graves. How peaceful and quiet it was there under the shade of those tall, spreading trees, beech, elm, fir, and chestnut. Soon, very soon, perhaps he, too . . . Even the rooks nesting in the upper branches, usually noisy and quarrelsome, seemed to be at rest, for no cawing, harsh and discordant, broke the still-

ness. A silence that was pregnant with the hum and throb of insect life, and far away the deep note of a machine cutting the long grass for hay, like some fairy orchestra, in which the " pinging " of the clouds of mosquitoes were the wailing of many violins, and the hay-cutter the double bass.

With a sigh, " Fiddlin' Dick " tucked the violin-case under his arm, and, pushing open the lych-gate, entered the churchyard, closing the gate behind him. He stood for a moment undecided whether to choose the broad path that led to the porch of the church, or the narrow winding path that led to a gate giving access to a meadow of tall, waving grass soon to fall beneath the reaper's knife. He chose the latter, and, after a few minutes' searching, found the grave he wanted. It looked forlorn and untended, a fact which caused his eyes to fill with tears. He laid his violin-case beside it, then went into the adjoining meadows, returning presently with a large bunch of poppies and other wild flowers.

These he arranged and laid with reverential care on the grave. It was headed with a plain white stone with a simple inscription carved out. Wiping away his freely flowing tears with the back of his hand, " Fiddlin' Dick " knelt before it and read :

DEIRDRE RAMSAY.

DIED
AUG., 1912.
AGED 22.

In an agony of despair, Dick flung himself on the grave, clutching the earth to his breast. " August, 1912." Three months after he had cast her out of his life.

In a flood of memory it all came back to him, in clearer perspective, unmarred by hatred. He remembered meeting her, Deirdre, whom he loved, by the elm-tree, that May evening ten years ago. Till then, everything had been going happily for them both. Till that morning, when he had received an anonymous letter saying that Deirdre had not been true to him, and had paid a visit at night to the house of a man called Manning, a neighbour, some months before the letter had been written. Sick with horror, and never for one moment doubting the truth of all the letter had conveyed, he met her that evening and

banished her out of his life for ever, in spite of her entreaties. But in his heart, his mind, he carried with him that last picture of her kneeling under the trees weeping bitterly, and holding out her arms to him as she implored him for his forgiveness. She died of a broken heart, giving birth to her stillborn child. As he prayed, "Fiddlin' Dick's" mind grew clearer, and his soul was relieved of its heavy burden, and when he rose from his knees, a tender smile played round his lips. "Deirdre," he whispered, laying his cheek against the cold stone, "I know that you would wish me to forgive that man; for a time you loved him, though I believe it was only glamour; and for your sake, because you desire it, and because I shall have no rest, I will seek him out; and there shall be peace in my heart. God keep you in His care, my Deirdre." "Fiddlin' Dick" picked up his violin-case, and, with a last look at the grave, turned and left the churchyard. It was only just five o'clock; he had over an hour before he could go to the "White Horse," the only inn of which the village could boast . . . his village. Would old Jennings, the proprietor, remember him, "Fiddlin' Dick," the young country squire, so ambitious for the welfare of his estate and tenants? Dick smiled reminiscently as he lay on his back in the long grass, puffing his pipe. It was not likely. A violent fit of coughing seized him, as he inhaled too much smoke into his lungs, and as he drew his hand across his mouth, a little trickle of blood dribbled from the corner. The end was very near. Nearer than he had thought. He put his pipe into his pocket, and, placing his hands behind his head, looked up at the blue sky above him. It was fast becoming tinged with the colours of a glorious sunset. The birds ceased their clamorous song, only a very occasional twittering came from the hedgerows, or a rustle in the undergrowth caused by some four-footed denizen of the wild. The sighing of the grass in the breeze, and always the unending hum of the mosquitoes. The whole blended together to form a gentle lullaby of Nature, soothing the weary to sleep. Presently all was still and twilight had fallen when "Fiddlin' Dick" rose and with the violin set out to walk to the near-by village. Shambling, shuffling, muttering as he plodded along his weary way, "Fiddlin' Dick" kicked up the dust at the

side of the high road for the last time. Ragged of garb, unwashed, unshaven, uncared-for, his outward appearance courted no favourable comment. But his eyes were filled with the joyous light of understanding, of good about to be done.

He walked in another world, a world of his own, filled with music and rest for body and mind. As he walked, he clutched the violin-case closely to his breast, the fingers of his left hand moving restlessly up and down it, as though playing some delicate and intricate melody.

It was half-past seven when Dick passed through the well-remembered doorway of "The White Horse" inn. The same heavy, thick atmosphere of tobacco and stale drink pervaded the place, which seemed somehow different to that of any other of the countless hundreds of inns to which he had been on his long travels, and Jennings was still the proprietor. A fatter, redder, more prosperous-looking Jennings than of yore. Growing rather balder on the top of his head, but with the same ready smile of welcome for each customer. There was a momentary cessation in the buzz of conversation and the clink of glasses as Dick entered, but, seeing Jennings, Dick walked straight to him, without looking to right or left of him. In a low voice Dick asked permission to play. "Why, of coorse," said Jennings. "It'll be a rare treat for us to 'ear some good music now, on' it?" turning to the others, who were now watching Dick with a considerable amount of interest. "You'll be the 'Fiddlin Dick' I've heerd tell of." Dick admitted that he was. Slowly, and with the same care, Dick took the violin from its case and unseeingly placed it under his chin. He tuned the strings, then, taking up his bow, played "Le Cygne." Barely had the last notes died throbbingly away, than he played the opening chords of a melody of his own, which had come to him as he lay in the long grass. Slowly the melody started, with only a few chords, then it grew faster and faster, with wild thrills and runs, and, as he played the faster, so did "Fiddlin' Dick" sway the more. Then it grew slower, more stately, more sombre, and finally died down, ending on a note that seemed to answer all the questioning cadence of the melody. Breathing heavily and as if with difficulty, "Fiddlin' Dick" laid the violin across his knees, to the

subdued murmur of applause. "And now suppose you play us somethin' lively and cheerful, here's a bob for you; catch." The rough voice broke the silence, and an indignant murmur of astonishment and annoyance came from the other listeners. Slowly "Fiddlin' Dick" raised his eyes from the violin; he looked at the shilling which lay on the floor where it had been flung to him. Slowly his eyes followed the boots and legs of the voice's owner. His look travelled up till it rested on the owner's face. It was Manning. With a start, Dick knew him. "Manning," he said very distinctly, "I see that you do not recognise me, that's obvious. But I know who you are right enough, don't I? Well, I'm Richard Amberton. Now perhaps you'll remember me. I've come back to . . ." He stopped, for, with a curse, Manning rose from his chair and advanced towards him. Dick stood up, laying the violin on the table; then, facing Manning, he continued. "Why didn't you marry Deirdre Ramsay? You were the father of her child. However, that's past now. What I've come to say is, that she and I both forgive you and . . ."

"To Hell with your forgiveness!" rapped out Manning. "I'll teach you to come and talk about me!"

He seized the violin and, raising it above his head, brought it down with a crash on to Dick's head. With a sob, Dick fell to the floor, the blood pouring from his mouth and nose, which a now thoroughly roused and frightened crowd of men tried in vain to staunch.

"It's quite all right," Dick whispered feebly. "Deirdre and I have both forgiven him fully; he is being punished all the time by his conscience for as long as he lives." His voice grew weaker. "I knew I had to die, so that is why I came back to-night."

"Give me my violin," he gasped presently. They placed the broken pieces of "His Child" in his arms, and with a last smile on his blood-flecked lips he whispered, "Deirdre!" then closed his eyes for the last time.

Lying on the wooden floor of "The White Horse" inn, in the light of the smoky, swinging oil-lamp, the soul of "Fiddlin' Dick" passed into the Great Beyond, a land of music and rest for body and mind.

The New Antigen for Cure of Tuberculosis

By Medicus

It is unfortunate that when a medical scientific discovery is made which promises some hope of usefulness in treatment, and this discovery is communicated to a scientific meeting and discussed in a scientific journal in the guarded language of the scientific man who discovered it, this should be exaggerated by the daily Press, and so spread abroad that hope is raised among the ill, which hope time and experience may only prove to be baseless, with the consequent increase of suffering through disappointment. The scientific workers detest this action of the Press, and there results a reserve which the reporters find it difficult to break down, and a general withholding of knowledge, much of which, if spread abroad, would be of advantage to public health and welfare. Strive as one may to give a reporter accurate restrained information suitable for publication, he or his sub-editor will alter it into the exaggerations of sensationalism to which they are habituated. Prof. Dreyer's discovery of a new method of producing an antigen for tuberculosis is a case in point. An antigen is a substance which, when injected into the body, excites the tissues to produce an antibody with power to neutralise the biological action of the antigen. Thus typhoid bacilli, first killed by heating and then injected in suitable dose, produce an antibody which protects the person so immunised from typhoid fever, and this protection is lasting for a considerable period. It was Sir Almroth Wright's discovery of this method of immunisation against typhoid fever which made the war last five in place of one year. In all other wars fever has killed far more than battle. It is well known that attacks of measles, scarlet fever, etc., protect one from future attacks; in this case the living organisms—as yet unidentified—produce the antibodies which have the specific protective power in each case. So, too, we are protected against small-pox by vaccination with the attenuated form of the disease found in the cow —the specific organ in this case is weakened by its growth

in the pocks of a cow, the defensive power of which animal is strong against this particular microbe. Immunisation has been carried out by Sir Almroth Wright, not only against typhoid bacilli, but against various other pathogenic microbes, using in each case the specific dead bacteria for this purpose. In some cases success is striking, in others less so, or nil. Koch, the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus, introduced tuberculin—the finely ground-up material of dead tubercle bacilli—for treatment of consumption, and this treatment, hailed with exaggerated encomiums of the Press, led after extended trial to general disappointment, and to the view now generally held that it is only of value in certain cases, and then when very carefully used. A severe case of tuberculosis—a consumptive who is going rapidly down hill—is absorbing poison from the tubercle bacilli growing in his tissues, and lacks the power to produce antibody and defend himself. It is of no use injecting into him more of this poison, if his tissues are unable to respond and cannot deal with the dose of poison already flooding them. Such injection may only do harm. It is the chronic cases which are far more likely to be benefited, cases where the local immunity of the diseased part is deficient, and may be increased by antibody produced in healthy tissue, as the result of injection of antigen, and carried from thence to the diseased tissue by the blood. The tubercle bacillus is characterised by having an external coat of waxy material, which gives it characteristic staining properties with certain dyes by means of which it is identified. Capt. S. R. Douglas, bacteriologist at the National Institute of Medical Research, has sought by digesting bacteria and extracting them to produce more powerful and useful antigens. He was unable, however, to digest and extract tubercle bacilli because of their waxy coat. Prof. Dreyer had noticed that tissues containing tubercle bacilli, when prepared for microscopical examination by fixation in formaline and extraction with fat solvents, stained badly by the usual method of staining, which should show them as minute bright red filaments. He therefore treated cultures of tubercle bacilli first with formaline and then with acetone, the fat extractive used by Douglas, and so succeeded in removing their waxy coat while retaining the inner contents of the bacilli with their toxic and antigenic power

undiminished. This new antigen, tried on guinea-pigs, which had been infected with tubercle bacilli, and on certain patients who volunteered for the treatment both at the London Hospital and Brompton Hospital for Consumption, seemed to give promising results. It is these results tentatively communicated to the scientific world, and grossly exaggerated by the daily Press, which are now being subjected to critical examination.

Be it noted first of all that Prof. Dreyer used a weak strain of tubercle bacilli on his test guinea-pigs, and the criticism has been put forward by bacteriologists of high repute that his results might be expected from the use of so weak a strain of bacilli, quite apart from the use of the new antigen. Using more virulent tubercle bacilli, the new antigen has not so far proved its efficiency. Further, Koch's original tuberculin was made of bacilli so thoroughly ground up that many fragments were separated from their fatty coat, and should therefore have exerted their full antigenic power, unless, as has been suggested, the presence of the waxy material antagonises the production of antibody. In the case of the patients reported as benefited, we must remember that very hopeful reports were issued concerning Koch's original tuberculin. Tuberculosis is in many cases cured by the natural reactions of the body, given rest and good food and open air. Any kind of supposed cure may, therefore, be claimed to yield good results. There may be recalled the cynical words of a celebrated physician concerning a new cure: "Hurry up and be cured while it is still a cure." The new antigen will probably prove useful in certain cases, useless and even harmful in others, and expectation of cure by its means should be very restrained. Tuberculosis is a disease caused by bad housing, bad feeding, and over-exhaustion. It is prevented, and cured in the early stages in many cases, by good food, abundant rest, and exercise in the open air and sunshine.

These facts remain. By education in these simple facts and individual effort, tuberculosis may be put an end to, just as typhoid fever has been almost put an end to by the Mid-Victorian campaign for good sanitation years before the bacillus was discovered and immunisation with dead typhoid bacilli invented.

Federalism and Finance

The Ulster Experiment

By The Rt. Hon. H. M. Pollock

Minister of Finance for Northern Ireland

During the half-century of Irish agitation prior to the war the claim of "Home Rule for Ireland" was the expression of a vague ideal of which few Irishmen were capable of offering an intelligible interpretation. The witty aphorism attributed to the late Lord Dufferin not inaptly hit off the political aspirations of the average Irish Nationalist—"The Irishman does not know what he wants and he won't be happy till he gets it."

A prominent Sinn Fein writer and apologist in a recent work, *The Drama of Sinn Fein*, admits that not even the Irish themselves understand the spirit that moves them. In offering this frank opinion of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Shaw Desmond presumably refers to Southern Irishmen, as the Ulsterman is assuredly immune from the microbe of mysticism or sentimentalism.

The only definite form in which the Southern Irishman's political views took shape was a violent obsession of hatred of British government, although, judging by recent developments in his somewhat tempestuous area, he appears temperamentally disinclined to acknowledge any Government authority whatever.

None of the Irish Nationalist leaders, from O'Connell to Redmond, offered any clear indication of the exact form of self-government which they claimed for Ireland. Their attitude was merely negative. They were content to agitate in Parliament and out of it for some undefined constitutional rearrangement which would leave Ireland free from British supremacy in local affairs. But there is no evidence that Constitutional Nationalists contemplated an Ireland politically and fiscally severed from Great Britain. If they cherished any precise idea of their ultimate goal, it was

something of the character of an autonomous State, with federal relations to Great Britain.

Writing in an American magazine shortly before the war, Mr. Redmond stated deliberately that Ireland did not want control of Customs and Excise, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his peripatetic missions on the American Continent was wont to maintain stoutly that Ireland desired no greater freedom than was enjoyed by a Province of the Dominion, or a State in the American Union.

Nor did British politicians, even of the most pronounced Radical and Home Rule tendencies, advance their claims beyond the federal idea. Mr. J. M. Robertson, a declared Home Ruler, made this statement in the House of Commons in the debate on the Home Rule measure of 1912: "There is just one thing which must remain one for the three kingdoms, and that is the fiscal system—Customs and Excise. If . . . Ireland should have power, not only to levy taxes, but fix Customs and Excise, then we have no State left."

About the same time Mr. Austen Chamberlain was equally explicit in affirming that "unless we were prepared to accept separation pure and simple as the end of our policy, the control of Customs and Excise must remain an Imperial matter."

It would appear from such expressions of opinion on the part of representative public men of all shades of political opinion that no form of self-government for Ireland was contemplated of a more radical character than the "Devolution" schemes so strenuously advocated by Lord Dunraven in the columns of the Press. This idea found definite expression in the monumental Home Rule Act of 1920, which established two autonomous States in Ireland with strictly federal relations to the central authority, not "incompatible with the federal reorganisation of the United Kingdom, in favour of which there is a growing body of opinion." (Mr. Lloyd George, February 25th, 1918.)

This Act was the declared policy of the Coalition Government in regard to Ireland in 1920.

But a great deal of water had flowed under the bridges since Mr. Redmond affirmed that "Ireland did not want Customs and Excise" and the assertion of Mr. Robert-

son's dictum that if "Ireland should have power to fix Customs and Excise then we should have no State left."

The war of wars had drawn the Empire into its maëlstrom. Kings and kingdoms had gone down in the *débâcle*, and new States had arisen from their ruins. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had minted that hyphenated neologism of baleful import, "Self-determination."

The Irish Convention had met and dispersed after eight months of dignified but inconclusive effort to "draft a constitution for their country which should secure a just balance of all the opposing interests." Many Irish Nationalist members of that body admitted that the discussions in the Convention had enlightened them as to the true import of the words "Customs and Excise." Hitherto the subject had been as remote from their ken as the secrets of the Eleusinian mysteries.

Their vague aspirations for "freedom" were unmistakably stimulated by the added knowledge that the control of Customs and Excise meant for Ireland not alone the symbol but also the *essential* of nationality, whilst fuel was added to the flame by the remarkable concession of Mr. Lloyd George in his famous letter of February 25th, 1918, addressed to the Chairman of the Convention, that "the Government recognises the strong claim that can be made that an Irish Legislature should have some control over indirect taxation."

It is surely a remarkable commentary on this admission that Mr. Lloyd George's Government waged two years of strenuous warfare to resist the contention of Ireland's right to exercise "some control over indirect taxation."

There is no need to dwell upon the sorrowful sequel. Its tragedy is still too close to us to be readily forgotten. Through a trail of rapine, bloodshed, and insurrection Southern Ireland successfully repudiated the federalising Act of 1920, dissolved the British connection, and left Ulster as the sole exponent of the federal principle, an experiment which is destined to test the feasibility of "that federal reorganisation of the kingdom in favour of which there is a growing body of opinion."

It was not without some misgivings that Ulster agreed

to discuss the proffered gift of local autonomy, and it required all the influence of a leader rightly trusted and beloved to remove suspicions and doubts engendered by years of step-motherly frigidity, and not infrequent hostility at Westminster. It was a real case of *timeo Danaos*, a dread certainly not lessened by the shameful suggestiveness of the Bill skilfully drafted to make it difficult for the Province to continue within the comity of the kingdom, and force it into an uncongenial partnership.

The Ulsterman had always stoutly maintained that no Parliament had authority to truncate his full rights of British citizenship. To these he clung with passionate intensity, and was prepared to fight *à l'outrance* to maintain them, not alone on the ground of the material advantages derivable from the connection, but because of his pride in the important part played by his fellow-countrymen in the development of the Empire.

In his eyes the British ensign was equally the symbol and the guarantee of his liberties.

But having assured himself that the autonomy conceded by the contemplated devolution measure could not impair his enjoyment of the full status of British citizenship, he threw himself *ex animo* into the serious work of government.

On Empire Day (May 24th, 1921) the elections for the Ulster Parliament were held, when every pro-British candidate who presented himself was returned. Steps were at once taken to transfer from Dublin and establish in Belfast all the administrative Departments, and on the 22nd of the following November by Orders in Council the official imprimatur was given to these transfers, and Ulster was fully established as an autonomous State in a British federation.

Considerations of space preclude detailed investigation of the general constitutional relations of the Province to the Central Authority. These relations are determined by the 1920 Act, which is the Charter of Ulster's local autonomy.

It may be of interest, however, to discuss briefly the financial aspect of the federal principle as it relates to Northern Ireland, and submit such considerations as two years' administrative experience of the system may suggest.

FEDERALISM AND FINANCE

In any devolutionary change from a unitary to a federal system of government the delegated legislative and administrative powers can be readily determined in accordance with the extent of the autonomy contemplated in the scheme. But the financial relations of the different units to the federal authority are not by any means so easy of adjustment, and have an ugly habit of reappearing at intervals, as may be judged by the recent controversies in the States of the Australian Commonwealth.

In the case of Ireland, it was apparently the aim of the British Government to satisfy the National sentiment of Southern Ireland, by conceding to the two Irish Parliaments more generous powers of self-government than would be practicable in any " federal reorganisation of the kingdom " foreshadowed by Mr. Lloyd George.

Generally speaking, the principal difficulty which confronts the framers of the financial arrangements in a scheme of devolution is the basis of apportionment of revenues between the National and the Provincial Exchequers. Obviously, the amount of revenue actually collected in an area by the central authority prior to the inauguration of the federal system cannot be regarded as a proper criterion of the true income of a federal State. The ramifications of finance have broken down many barriers between foreign States, and in the case of Northern Ireland the difficulties of attributing revenue were especially marked through the fact that Ulster business men, finding the scope for investment in Ulster inadequate, were possessed of large interests across the Channel.

The method adopted by the Imperial Parliament to cope with the difficulty was to retain income tax, super tax, and Customs and Excise revenue under the administration of Imperial Departments, and to transfer to the Northern Parliament stamp duties, death duties, mineral rights duties, certain licences, and the income from land purchase annuities.

From the taxation revenue collected by Imperial Departments were to be deducted (*a*) the cost of administration of such services; and (*b*) a contribution to Imperial expenditure, *e.g.*, Army, Navy, National Debt, etc.

In order to arrive at the amount of the contribution

the Treasury experts, to whom the financial arrangements for embodiment in the Bill were referred, were expected to determine:—

> First: The revenues accruing to Northern Ireland.
> Second: The proportion of the revenue required for local services.
> Third: The amount of the contribution which the Province could afford to make to the Imperial Services.

There were no data in existence to enable the experts to ascertain with any degree of certainty the revenue of the six counties, and therefore the apportionments for local needs, and the Imperial contribution, could not be otherwise than doubtful.

The difficulty of the problem was also accentuated by the inflated economic and financial conditions of the country in 1920-21, the financial year on whose estimates the Treasury officials were expected to make their calculations.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the official estimates of revenue and expenditure, prepared at the time when the financial clauses of the 1920 Bill were under consideration, were not justified by results. Consequently, the financial clauses of the Act, which imposed on Northern Ireland a fixed contribution to Imperial services for a period of two years, as a first charge on the revenue of the Province, required considerable modification.

After the Imperial contribution and the estimate for local services had been provided, the White Paper on which the financial clauses of the Act were based made allowance for a generous surplus, intended—in the words of the Ministerial statement in Parliament—to cover "various services which had not been developed in accordance with the requirements of the Irish people."

Ulster's share of this surplus was estimated at slightly over two million pounds.

But great changes had occurred in the financial and economic conditions of the kingdom between the passing of the Act and the transfer of the services to the Ulster Government, and when the first Budget was submitted to the Northern Parliament in May, 1922, it disclosed the disturbing fact that not only was the promised surplus of

two millions non-existent, but a further two millions had to be deducted from the Imperial contribution to balance the accounts.

This discrepancy of four millions between the original estimates and the ultimate result was accounted for by a variety of factors, amongst the most important of which were a fall in revenue, following a dramatic slump in trade, the reduction of 1s. in income tax, lowering of sugar duties, etc. On the other hand, the expenditure had alarmingly increased, owing to the provision made by the Imperial authority prior to the transfer, for Education, National Health and Unemployment Insurance, etc.

Provision was made in the Act for the creation of a tribunal to be known as the Joint Exchequer Board, whose function was, *inter alia*, to determine at the end of the two years alluded to above, the annual sum which Ulster might fairly contribute to the cost of the Imperial services.

But as has already been referred to, the financial provisions had broken down, even before the end of the first financial year of Ulster's autonomous career, a difficulty which the Joint Exchequer Board had no statutory authority to solve; so when the second Budget of Northern Ireland (1923-24) disclosed a further fall in revenue, due to reductions in income tax and beer duties, an arrangement was reached between the two Governments that the question of the contribution and other relevant financial matters should be referred to a committee of arbitration, mutually chosen. This committee, composed of three distinguished public men, continues to function, and therefore no further observations on this phase of the question can with propriety be submitted.

Much might be written of the tragic conditions of Ireland, when the people of Ulster were charged with the duty of establishing a new State on Empire Day of 1921; of the contingents of armed ruffians who found their way into the province, hoping by the commission of the most atrocious crimes to terrorise the inhabitants, and paralyse the Government; and how by strength of purpose and the loyalty of a virile people, these wanton outrages were suppressed, and peace, order, and good government were re-established in the area under the jurisdiction of the Northern Government.

Such a narrative, however, is not germane to the purpose of the present brief review.

But the natural enquiry may be made as to whether the experience of two years of a scheme of devolution of powers of local government to a detached area justify any definite conclusions as to the value of the application of the general principle to the larger island.

The conditions in the two countries differ so greatly that it would be presumptuous to dogmatise on such slender premises. Whatever measure of industrial and commercial development is enjoyed by Ulster as compared with the rest of Ireland has been attained by the intelligence and resourcefulness of her people, despite the seeming indifference of Westminster and the paralysing effect of the bureaucratic ascendancy of Dublin.

And however predisposed her people may have been in the past to favour a centralising rather than a centrifugal policy, as a safeguard against "separationist" aggression, it may be definitely stated, now that freedom from this blighting influence is assured, Ulster has discovered the pathway leading to greater social and economic development and intends to pursue it.

Although her Government and Parliament have been burdened with many cares, not the least of which was the necessity of organising the defensive forces of the province, opportunity has been found to pass important measures of educational and licensing reform, long denied her at Westminster.

Whatever the dreams of Southern Irish empiricists may be, Ulster is determined to work out her destiny in closest fiscal, commercial and political relationship with Britain. This does not preclude the desire for, as well as the advantage of, friendly and accommodating arrangements with her Southern neighbours.

Ulstermen are realists if they are anything, and it is in recognition and pursuit of the realities of life that the province will justify its newly born autonomy.

British Waters:

Harrogate

By R. Fortescue Fox, M.D.

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It is just three hundred and fifty years since an English gentleman of a curious disposition, returning from abroad to his home in Yorkshire, discovered in the forest of Knaresborough a remarkable iron water, resembling, so he said, the famous spring of Peter the Great at Spa in Belgium. We have always, perhaps, been a little too apt to give our waters a reflected glory from some real or imaginary foreign prototype, and so the new spring was presently called "The English Spaw." In those days, and, indeed, until comparatively recent times, the "Chalybeates" were regarded by scientific persons as more important than any other kind of water. One may read in old volumes of the Philosophical Transactions and in the histories of the English counties many accounts of strange springs which turned to a black or purple colour when mixed with an infusion of oak galls, or "let fall an ochreish deposit." Curiously, these are now regarded as the least important of waters, and many of the most famous English chalybeates have for the time being gone out of use.

The announcement in 1571 of an English "Spa" in Yorkshire attracted considerable attention, and the Tewitt Well became a health centre for persons of all classes. The curiosity of physicians in the neighbouring towns was aroused, and in course of time another iron water, the "Royal Chalybeate," or "John's Well," in the same forest, was described by Dr. Stanhope, of York. But a more important event took place in 1656, when a singular and quite different kind of water was found, having a strong and forbidding flavour of salt and "liver of sulphur"—the now famous "Old Sulphur Well."

It must not be supposed that these happenings were

the true beginnings of Harrogate; for in England, as in all countries, medicinal springs have enjoyed in their own localities a popular favour going back to remote times. Written history is nothing more than an appendix to a sealed volume. But yet these happenings were momentous. What we are pleased to call the " discovery " in Yorkshire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of two very different kinds of waters—the iron and the sulphur—marked an era in British hydrology, and incidentally they form the basis and foundation of a great modern English spa. The reputation of Harrogate as a health resort and its chief medical value must always rest upon its twofold wealth of iron and of sulphur waters. A singular geological peculiarity of the district has given an upward thrust to a deep-seated sulphur-bearing rock. Its strata are snapped across, and present at the surface in such a manner that many different springs have come to light almost side by side. It was natural, therefore, that succeeding centuries should complete the original discovery. As time went on a long series of springs having each its own character and individuality was revealed. They form now two separate *groups of springs*, differing in strength and combination and medical properties—the Iron group, represented by the original " English Spa," and the Sulphur group, represented by the ancestral " Old Well."

Harrogate is one of the towns which owe their very existence to medicinal waters. Such facts are no slight testimony to the influence which waters have always had and still have upon the social life of a people. In the time of the Commonwealth we find one Dr. John Neale riding over from Leeds to prescribe the waters. Dr. Neale's connection with the embryo health resort, and that of his son after him, cover a period of sixty-seven years, and we read that they were the first to introduce the practice of bathing " for aches and pains, bruises and strains." That the needy were not forgotten at that early time is evident from the record that in 1700 the waters were " gathered in hogsheads for the use of the poor." A traveller of the period informs us that " this place and the forest were formerly so thick, that he was thought a cunning fellow who could readily find out those spaws," adding—evidently from a truly bitter personal experience—"This water, mix't

with ale, certainly makes the most intolerably nauseous draught in nature."

The condition of the spa exactly two hundred years ago may be gathered from the writings of Dr. Deans, of York. "There are," he says, "five fountains near the town of Gnaresburgh, which do participate of mineral virtues . . . two are in the said forest. One is neare unto the town, the other is further off, almost two miles from it, beyond a place called Haregate Head, in a bottom, on the right hand of it as you go, and almost in the side of a little brook. The fifth and last is an acid or tart fountain in the said forest, commonly named by the vulgar sort the Tuewhit Well, and The English Spa by those of a better rank." He attaches great importance to the sulphur waters, which ought to be drunk from half an hour to two hours after sunrise, and in quantity from three to four pints daily. He thus describes the remedial action of these waters: "Since therefore Haregate is so plentifully stored and impregnated with sulphur, of what eximious force and virtue must the waters be in removing and remedying outward disorders; how powerful discussers of morbific humours, fixed in any of the extreme or external parts. From this healing, drying, discussing, penetrating principle it is that they cure." Translated into modern terms, we may find in many of these older writers upon waters some of the "penetrating principle" of truth.

At this period the use of waters and baths was generally approved by medical authority in England and widely practised by those who could afford it. Physicians of great eminence described and advocated the British waters in books that were then the best of their kind in Europe. But the indifferent means of communication and the dangers of the road greatly restricted recourse to the spas at any distance from London. One writer speaks of Harrogate as an excellent place for an "alternative treatment" for gouty persons in summer, who cannot bear the debilitating cure then in vogue at health resorts further south.

The year 1823 witnessed the foundation at Harrogate of a hospital for mineral water treatment. The centenary of this institution in the present year may well call attention to a fine piece of work. Happily the British spas as

a whole have not neglected this necessary service, and there is perhaps no prouder distinction for a health resort than to have maintained such an institution during a long period of years. The impulse which began as a movement of charity becomes in time an indispensable alliance, for the care of the poor is the best witness to the medical service, and the observations long continued in these hospitals will bear in time the scientific fruit which is needed to substantiate and justify the treatment employed.

The modern science of waters and baths—medical hydrology—came to birth in the nineteenth century. Of course the use of drinking and bathing was deeply rooted in every country. Unfounded pretensions and excesses had in many places been grafted upon it, as unfortunately happens with most systems of treatment, but on the other hand many valuable observations were put on record by practitioners in the pre-scientific age, which may still be studied with advantage by their successors. Is it not the universal experience that in all branches of knowledge, physical and psychical, the tangled ground must be cleared and reclaimed by the slow advance of the rational method? Can we claim that this salutary process is not still required? Even to-day, after generations of more exact thinking than ever before, we find that new knowledge may be followed by exuberant growths of pretension and credulity, delaying true progress. It is necessary to say so much in face of the lingering superstition that the use of waters by the people or by medical men has been irrational more than any other branch of practice. It has simply, like all else, inevitably, taken the colour of the age.

In the nineteenth century two movements began which were destined to create a new science of waters. An obscure Silesian peasant rose to fame from his successful treatment of many ailments by cold water. Originally suggested by brilliant pioneer work in England and Scotland, the methods of Priessnitz and his successors rapidly spread over the Continent and came back into this country as a system of "Hydropathy." Alas for cut and dried systems! No principle, however sound, can safely carry a disproportionate and top-heavy practice. Nevertheless, a great impetus was given on the Continent to the serious study of the effects of heat and cold in water, and it was

clearly shown, as later investigations in England have again demonstrated, that we have in these familiar physical agents forces that are capable of controlling many conditions of disease. The other movement arose from the renaissance of chemistry and physics. Waters were everywhere examined afresh, and new elements, alone and in unsuspected combinations, were disclosed, as well as physical properties previously unknown. Sulphur, for example, which is the principal element at Harrogate, was no longer regarded as a " combination of vitriolic acid and phlogiston." Then followed the beginnings of a new research into the physiological effects of both waters and baths; a literature and societies of medical hydrology sprang up in various countries; and scientists and specialist practitioners began to devote themselves to this study. Here, again, it is a singular reflection that the original impulse of scientific investigation came from England; that the good work was carried forward in Germany, France, and Italy, and has only in recent years come back again into England. Let honour be given to whomsoever it is due! By whatever means, the actual knowledge of medicinal waters and of external methods of treatment has been enormously increased. The trained practitioner can now employ them with an unruffled scientific conscience. It has been demonstrated that physical remedies have their necessary and proper place, not only in the handling of chronic disorders, but in the wider field of preventive medicine. Of course, edged tools need skilled hands.

How did this new development affect the great English Spa? In the first place, by the combination of chemical and geological knowledge many new wells were discovered, the most remarkable case occurring in 1880, when the late Dr. Oliver and Mr. Hayton Davis tracked what is now known as the Beckwith spring to where it " ought to be," and found it. Numerous investigations have been carried out on the nature and properties of the various waters. Again, it had long been known that their activity, both for internal use and as baths, partly depended on the presence of a volatile gas, the " subtle vapour " of the old observers. Exposure to the air " decomposed " the most valuable springs. It became necessary to devise methods by which the waters, from many sources, could be collected,

carried to a distance, and stored in reservoirs for baths without contact with the air. Harrogate led the way by devising and perfecting an admirable system for this purpose, and the Baths and Wells Committee can justly claim that the chemical and analytical oversight of the waters now fulfils the most exacting requirements. We have travelled a long way since those not distant days when the water was dipped from an open spring, and the well keepers thought better of it if it had a "good cream" —of course the sign of hopeless decomposition.

Harrogate has been fortunate in the services of a succession of medical men, many of whom in their time made a special study of the methods of treatment that they employed, and materially advanced both the practice and science of hydrology in England. A real debt of gratitude is due at our great spas to some of the practitioners of the old school, men who watched with a discriminating eye, during a long course of years, the effects of the waters in a multitude of cases. Keen and shrewd observers, rightly critical and cautious, they yet had a robust faith in the healing power of waters, and, as at Harrogate, they were past masters in the great art of combining into one harmonious whole the various elements of the "cure," using that word in its true sense as a method and process of treatment.

Without prejudice or *arrière pensée*, what, we may ask, do health-seekers now require; what will satisfy the demands of existing knowledge; and what, therefore, are the true and essential qualifications of a modern spa? The *waters* must ever come first. They must be of proved medical utility. They must be sufficient in flow for the uses demanded of them. They must be guarded from dilution, deterioration or loss, whether in their internal or external use. Their manner of application must be exact and supervised. Secondly, the highest *medical skill* and special knowledge must be forthcoming. Thirdly, the cure must be *available for all classes*. Fourthly, the spa must have a *climate* favourable to health. Fifthly, *special provision* must be made in the establishments for all categories of cases that frequent the spa. The *mental* element and the effect of *change* must be touched upon later.

But it is worth noting that the modern spa, and Harrogate after all is pre-eminently modern, has one advantage over its elder rivals. The period of its development has coincided with the period of scientific hydrology. There is no excuse for obsolete methods, unskilled service or crowded or ill-ventilated buildings. Given a sufficiency of resources and public spirit in the community, and a sound policy and a wide margin for growth, it is comparatively easy to develop at one and the same time a modern spa in a modern town.

The question is sometimes asked: How does Harrogate compare with the great continental spas? An impartial observer sees something to admire in all well-appointed spas, and most in those of a distinctive individuality. But it may be said at once that in comparison with similar waters and bath establishments abroad the Northern Spa has little to fear. There is no place where the provision of nature has been better seconded by art. Of course the place is typically and happily English.

The fundamental difference medically between Harrogate and its continental rivals lies in its northern situation. The great natural elements cannot be disregarded. In all physical treatment the effect of one factor is interwoven with that of others. So it is with the British spas. Next to their waters, the northern island climate is the most important factor in the cure. At every spa the quality of the air powerfully affects the result of bath treatment. In the main, but not entirely, it is a question of the effect of heat and cold, moisture and movement in the atmosphere, upon the cooling of the body. The influence of these physical agents is very great even in health, when the reactions are normal. In the case of delicate persons under bath treatment it is of great importance, and it is a factor of spa treatment which no wise physician can overlook. In a word, the British summer spas may be described as *cooling* spas. Many of those upon the Continent are on the contrary *heating* spas. The spas of our island are on the whole the most tonic in the world, and this fact must always profoundly modify an English "cure."

Harrogate and Buxton stand at the head of the tonic spas of Britain. The characteristic situation of Harrogate

accounts for this tonic quality; on the Yorkshire moorland, midway between the two coasts of England, and so that the east and the west winds both of them bring the influence of the sea, exposed to constant breezes, with a low humidity and dryness of the soil. From these causes the spa season of summer is tempered and fresh, being two degrees cooler than in London, and, what is perhaps more to the point, eight degrees cooler than at the spas in Central France or upon the Rhine.

And here it may be added that Harrogate, and all the English spas, differ perhaps rather radically from those of other countries in the kind of provision that they make for *change of thought and habit*, for the new mental influence which is needed as much as physical remedies for the building up of health. The English spa must naturally be in full accord with the genius of our people, with their love of the air and outdoor games, of movement and the countryside, of gardens and green spaces and quiet retreats, of music, and of all objects of interest and beauty. A pleasant choice of these good things is offered by this cheerful town, and the picturesque dales and moorlands and historic associations that surround it.

Once more an old writer (1784) may be invoked to point the moral and adorn the tale. "A large part of the forest of Knaresborough," he says, "was designedly left unenclosed as a convenience to invalids, who may be under the necessity of taking exercise on horseback." And again, "the Harrogate inns are *equal to most in England*, but" (and this is indeed serious) "the luxury of the table, which of late years has become fashionable at Harrogate, should put the invalid on his guard."

On Golf and its Literature

By Austin Harrison

A POOR performer often makes a critic, at least artists find it so in their profession, and there seems no reason why a similar rule, or exception to the rule, should not apply to golf, the game, as the Frenchwoman said, where men lose such a lot of nice little white balls "on Sundays." I fancy I should like to play a round with that lady. Anyhow, with the awe inculcated by the Scottish pastime I have finished. After years of chronic "foozling" and some unforgettable virtuosity, I have come to the unchangeable conclusion that there is nothing canny or uncanny about the game, which, intellectually, is a silly game for that very reason *pace* its origin, because in all its essentials it is mechanical, and automatics is not inspiring; is, if anything, antagonistic to the genius and liberty of man.

It is always satisfactory to reach a decision—on golf it is peculiarly satisfactory, for he who reaches it is an "outsider"—everyone knows his handicap, that is. But that does not matter. The relief is wonderful. A man re-emerges once more, master of his sticks; all books on golf can be thrown away at once; the card assumes its rightful place, as a scrap of paper (which may be torn up); bogey is no longer a colonel, but an index (of play), and all stories, all golf photogravures, all awesome trepidations, carpet experiments or midnight hallucinations, melt into insignificance, and even what the Scot said becomes a matter of profound indifference. In a word, golf becomes a game, same as marbles, and for the first time you can play it as a man plays other games, with the assumption of pellucid confidence.

Originating in the days of witchcraft, in the raw regions of northern Britain, it is easy to understand how golf acquired its mystery, why it is that men still play it, even in the new order, as if the devil lurked in every tin

can stuck for the sake of argument in a green, with commentary accordingly, for in all other games people are, at any rate, human. Ask a cricketer to show you his bat—he is flattered; or a footballer his calves, a boxer his biceps, a fencer his rapier, a billiard-player his cue, a jockey his gee, a tennis-player his racquet, even a politician his speech—they will respond cheerfully. You can handle any champion's racquet, bat, sword, muscle, or divinity; but take up another chap's golf club and swing it, and see what he does not say. He hates you to touch his bag. If you pull out his putter, he imagines you've got some hideous villainy up your sleeve; every club of his carries a charm; his brassie is a "corker," his driver divine. You are "on your honour" not to handle them.

Nothing is more pompously irritating, so ridiculously important or so humanly satisfying as the formality of the phrase—"your honour, sir." This is the beginning of the enchantment. Its phraseology stupefies. Privilege all the way, etiquette, which usually means fussiness, and because in the yarn about the Scot and the Irishman, a stolid, gruff, but in reality uncivil and unnatural unsociability characterises their meeting, silence is the standard and the first principle of the game.

I recollect a memorable round I played with a nervous subject, handicap round about three, one lovely summer's day, in the company of a small boy whom I had taken with me, out of harm's way, to act as my caddie. "Ten bob corners, I suppose," said the nervous man facetiously at the start, and, not understanding the allusion, I grunted a sort of defiant complaisance. He would win my money, I knew. "Drat the blackguard!" I thought to myself and promptly sliced my first into the road. At the fourth he was two up.

The fifth was a long hole with a "carry." A slight breeze favoured a visit to the bunker (as the books say). My friend waggled intentively and suddenly paused.

"Do you mind standing a bit more to the right?" Hastily I scrambled off the teeing ground, and the waggling began again. Again he looked round fearfully. "Something ticking," he said.

I said "nowt," according to the rules, and tried to look painfully concerned, though I was using all my black

magic to induce him to miss. Jack, the boy, eyed me curiously.

"Deuced odd," remarked my friend after various "addresses," re-addresses and preliminary adjustments.

"Some strange rattling underground. Hear it?"

I listened. There was a slight ticking. I looked at the caddie, who looked impenetrable. I glanced at Jack, who had his thumb in his mouth.

"All right now," I said.

At last he got off, pulled, and I won the hole. "One up."

At the next tee the ticking commenced again. My friend grew purple in the face.

"A fellow can't play with a steam-engine on the tee," he shouted; "anyhow, here goes."

It did go—into the deep bunker. I won that hole. "All square."

Once more *it* happened. This time I was amused. I drove a clinker. The oddity steadied me, oddities do.

My friend shot his cuffs, sniffed the air like a setter, and jauntily stalked on to the teeing ground. As he grounded his club, the strange noise started once more—"tick a tick-tick-tick."

"Hell!" ejaculated the poor man, looking round at me pitifully. "Blast the cursed game! What!"

He waggled and waggled; suddenly he stopped, glared at his caddie and struck him across the legs.

"You're ticking me off," he fairly yelled.

Fortunately, the caddie was a gentleman born—he smiled, decorously rubbing his legs.

"Keep your eye on the ball, sir," he said with consummate dignity. We all laughed. My friend apologised. He took up his stance. "Thy will be done," he muttered, and with that he flogged the ball magnificently into the long grass to the far left. I won that hole. "One up."

Again we tee'd up and again I outdistanced this long-hitter, and again something ticked. "Two up."

We now came to "Hades"—huge bunker, rabbit-holes, grass: a cleek shot. My friend stood athwart the box—he always "took the honour."

"My honour," I said sternly, thoroughly enjoying the day. I carried the obstacle, gave a parting flourish to

the club, getting on to the left foot (I had really hit from the right), and stuck the stick under the left arm, as he always did when he outdrove me.

"Wants some doing," I observed casually.

On the teeing ground my friend looked agonised. He appealed to the caddie.

"To the left?"

"No. Right."

The ticking started furiously. We looked in the grass. In the sandbox. There was nothing to be seen.

"Drat it all, I can't play a cleek with a blooming orchestra. Give me wood."

He seized a "spoon," spat on his hands and advanced like a man walking to the gallows.

The ticking became louder—a strange, muffled sound. My friend now gave it up, took a turn round, lit a cigar and did his level best to smile. I felt absurdly sorry for him. He was ill, I could see. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow. He waggled . . . a really extraordinary noise now began, like the winding of a clock. Jack laughed outright. "O gods and fishes!" said my poor friend, delaying his stroke. "We're bewitched. Nobody but a fool would play a game like this. I can't." He turned round helplessly, brandishing his club.

"I could do it with a niblick," remarked the caddie scornfully. This decided my friend. He looked up to the heavens for a moment, then he banged.

"Bunker," said the caddie, shouldering the bag. My friend put his hand on my shoulder.

"Here's the cash," he said. "I can't go on. Feel queer. Something ticking in my head. I'll ring up Dr. Squeers when I get back. Do you mind? I shall have to chuck this rotten game, I think."

We sauntered back, silently, and in the club-house he had two "doubles."

"Funny chap, that," said Jack, as we strolled home. I glanced at the boy. His face was radiant. He chortled and grinned. I had an intuition.

"You didn't make that noise, did you?" I asked.

Jack burst into a loud guffaw. Then he pulled out of his pocket a piece of clock mechanism belonging to an engine of his.

"This was the ticker," he said. "You won all right, didn't you?"

That boy had his first glass of port that day after luncheon. But I don't want to tell stories—enough exist, besides mine is true. I want to denounce books on golf, which are mostly witchcraft. I read this passage the other evening:—

"The long-hitter no longer sweeps the ball away, he hits. Hits down on the ball with all his might, checking the old follow-through."

Does he?

What a lie! I turned to five professionals' books; all insist on the follow-through. What does this authority mean? If you want to put stop on, yes, you do check the follow-through. Probably thousands read that enlightening paragraph and thought they had "got" it. Thousands will return to the club-house more mystified than ever, more bewitched, and so the spell goes on. Psychology they call it, but it isn't; it is nerves, brought on by a surfeit of silliness due to trying to explain the technique of automatics which vary with every man who tries the game.

Some day a German professor will no doubt perfect the "perfect golfing automaton." He will tick, no doubt, being a machine; but he will tick off all mortals, including the colonel, in a regulation average of threes; in the meanwhile I submit, in the cause of charity, or eugenics, a few specifics.

The game being played with a "dead" ball, it obviously is not a honeymoon pastime; that is to say, the man who plays it has only himself to blame. Its sole difficulty is that. It is the man *versus* the machine. To get nervous or angry or fussy over any failure to act with the precision of a machine is consequently foolish on man's part, provided he knows how to swing a club, and that is why "creative" men, *i.e.*, artists and that ilk, usually find golf dull, uninspiring and unconvincing. The reason is simple. Golf means mechanics. Artists seek movement. They cannot always do the same thing in exactly the same way; they don't want to. If they did there would be no progress in art. Golf means that—unerring, undeviating exactitude. Fancy playing Chopin in exactly the same

way always! To all such, a "snoozle" in a bunker is more attractive.

The man who cannot play golf, cannot return a card, is really "one up" on the man who can, humanly or creatively, and should receive the drink—the chap who loses generally pays, for some strange northern reason! "No nerves," one hears that expression often. It is incorrect. "Good automatics," is the diagnosis. If you can hit a mashie shot always in exactly the same way, you are a player. That means that muscular and mental position and condition are acting rightly, in harmony; highly developed, such a state places a chap at scratch; for he can be counted on to hit the ball truly time after time in precisely the same way. Nothing more. No genius is a machine; to be a machine, therefore, is not genial; it is a throw-back to statics. The creative fellow invents machinery, he does not ape their function. Nerves at golf signify the irritation set up in the sensitive and elaborate organism of man at his failure to reduce his muscular and mental systems to the regularity of an engine, which is irrational, considering that man was the inventor of the machine, not the machine of man. The nervous golfer is thus a self-ticker-off—he ought not to perform; his proper instrument is the harmonium or a game with an active ball.

But is that not the char-r-m? (One has to be silly, otherwise the game would be unbearable.) It is. Boys love to play with mud. Golf is an escape—from ourselves, and the Scots, who know, play it in that fashion. They have municipalised it; we syndicate it. A new ball appears—all buy religiously. A new stick comes out—all rush to the maker. A new putter is put up—England is awake again. I can't pursue that motive. People who discuss putters after any experience of knocking a ball into a hole from an absurdly unscientific position—suppose one had to kick at right angles, or bowl backwards, or play the piano between one's legs?—are patients, and I thoroughly agree with those doctors who recommend golf from the professional point of view. All that part of the literature on golf is neurasthenia.

"Off my drive!" I doubt if there is anything worse in life, except when one is "off" to school as a youngster,

or " off " one's sleep, or " off " to gaol. To stand on the teeing ground before two gaping boys and " top," or slice, or miss-hit the ball, is the acme of humiliation. You hit two good ones before. At the first, you reached the barn. How did it happen?

You did not hit the ball properly, that is with automatic correctness, " old cocky." You ought to be rather proud, but you are not. You would far rather be a machine and knock the ball straight down the course, taking an iron and putting it dead, knocking it in with any club that happens to be in your hand to comply with the rules. Of course, it looks better, yet if you did that for three weeks you would be " warned off." The spell would be broken. *The Times* would write a leader on you. And you—you would get so bored that you would take to spelicans or any game that provided an opposition or an opportunity for failure; that is why golf is not so much a game as an exercise, all other games being oppositional. The first perfect golfer will kill the game.

When you walk round, breathlessly following the big " automata," you notice a lot. All the rules are jettisoned. This one is off his feet when he hits. That one sways visibly. Another jumps. A fourth stands square. A fifth hardly swings at all. Where, oh where, is the Vardon style?

It is going. Chaps are finding out things. Golf is a left arm game. Straight arms give long balls. The less back the better. A flat swing gives remarkable results. The " shut " face is democratised. Golfers play cricket strokes nowadays (see the push-shot). The only thing that seems to matter is the pivot on and through the body, provided you don't move your head, which, if you do, means that you move your position. Taken in hand before seven—the Jesuits' educational age—a normal boy could probably be coached into a better golfer than any yet produced, if sums and other distracting accomplishments were spared him. What would be the use? None. At eighteen he would defeat all the " pros." At twenty he would take to the bottle. Merely to trundle a non-moving ball accurately from hole to hole would bore any youth stiff, unless there was really big money in it, and, if there was, the Stock Exchange would close

down. He would get nerves, reactionary nerves. One day "Bogey" would beat him out of sheer boredom.

The good book on golf yet remains to be written. It never will be written. Up to now, all are mystic books, in accordance with the spirit of the game. But these are concrete times. The only mystery about golf is that man is himself an incurable mystic. Golf is a solo in technique—it provides sensations; it always holds forth promise; it is a perpetual "let down." To play it well is a constant wonder; to play it badly a constant surexcitation. Length—that is the real fascination. The cleverest shot cannot compete with the long ball, the superb sensation of potence associated with human vanity derived from the "screamer," with a run. That is the stuff. Even taking three off bails in three successive balls hardly comes up to the ecstasy of the long drive. The Scot who thought of that was a mighty man. He knew. He clearly was the first psycho-analyst. No battle. Nothing to do with another man. Just a ball. Hit it. Ah, but straight and true and far! So easy! Try it! We have been trying ever since. If all Europe played golf all war would end. Nobody would dream of fighting if golf was the argument. Why should they? Boundaries would be "out of bounds" simply. To break a rule at golf is the ultimate limit. You can only cheat yourself at golf. The first Scot who called a stymie was a prominent man.

For this is the secret. It is a civilised man's game because it is a lonesome struggle between the body and the mind. One will "look up." One will jump. Wrist, knee, eye, will and body will disconnect. One cannot harmonise regularly action and its control. It is not the walk, or the scenery, or the score, or the half-crown at the end. The mystic attraction is control, self-control. Nobody is ever to blame. It is the magic of the full ego. Always I and the confounded club; and always there is hope of improvement. No doubt, in time, the balls will be of steel and the clubs of steel, and we shall drive four hundred yards with comfort. We shall want to drive six hundred then. Always there is a beyond. All other games are competitive, but in golf you beat yourself. And in golf no one ever calls "time." You can drive as far as you please, knock up any score you please

—67 or 200 to the round; you go on, you go on till twinges in your joints remind you of another "bogey" who in the end always wins, about whom men do not write books, for he is a dull fellow. Even when golf becomes a reminiscence it is almost as delightful. You become a "conosser" on the green, till you go under one.

Eschew all mystic books on golf. Know that the long driver, about whom the stories are told, is a desperately unhappy man, just as "short" as you are, in his own estimation, always seeking extension. Refuse to be "ticked off." If you take out a card and pencil, look upon it as an indicator, or registrary of causes, not of results; like a clinical thermometer, which is all it is. The less you talk golf the better. A madness, it denotes a state of madness to dwell upon it. We should not play it, were it not so, as some day the perfect automaton will demonstrate. And when the sickness of discomfiture falls upon you, never forget this. Golf is silliness—the undiluted pawky state. If you play badly, it is probably because on that day you are not mindless enough to yield your personality to its mechanical requirements—you are thinking or worried or distracted or perhaps livery. Your condition and position are not equating. You cannot uncoil your egoism into a condition of positive impositivism (why ever should you?).

Cultivate the spoon, a good club; yet all clubs are useless unless used rightly, and when you are in that dementia of happiness—all happiness being relative—you can use a driver out of a bunker, putt with a niblick, and smite two hundred yards with a cleek out of a heather bush. The "great" do these things as a matter of course. Yet do not be crestfallen. Golf is an exercise in comparative physics. There is always a greater in golf, and the "plus" men are not one whit happier than you are at faulty seven or sweet fifteen. That is why there are handicaps. Golf shows every man precisely how he is handicapped.

"The Green Goddess"

By Horace Shipp

It is one of the minor privileges of dramatic critics to be permitted at irregular intervals to tell managers the golden and secret formulæ of what the public wants in the theatre. Indeed, if they serve any useful function whatever, they are a kind of bridge between those two otherwise unapproachable factors—the public and the managers—being, as it were, on the one hand the public articulate, and on the other the managers grown explanatory. Such a synthesis would quite simply solve all the problems of the theatre if it happened to contain the other element in theatrical matters, the artist; but in its present shortcoming of trinity it can usually contrive to be doubly self-pitying.

There are occasions, certainly, when the dramatist himself steps down from the heights of creation to occupy the critic's chair, but since, according to nature and Aristotle, he is the enemy of both public and manager, his contribution is not of great value in solving the problem.

In the case of William Archer matters are different. Since about 1884 he has told managers, dramatists, and public what they should do, what they should desire, and what they verily do desire, exemplifying his theories from his beloved Ibsen, and treating us always to brilliant analysis of the varying crafts of the theatre. There is probably no man in England who knows more what the theatre is for and what are its potentialities, as there is no man in England who knows better what the public wants, what it *should* want, and what compromise is possible.

And in this connection "the public" means the "duke's son, cook's son, son of a millionaire," of Mr. Kipling's catholic imagination. It means the people who go to high-brow drama and understand Gordon Craig's ideas; it means the people who go to Shavian drama and understand Mr. Shaw's wit; it means that great body of playgoers who demand a triangle in a drawing-room, and those others who go thirty-seven times

to see *Chu Chin Chow*; it includes those who snigger and eat chocolates at West End revue as well as those who sob and eat oranges at outer suburban melodrama. I have a terrible suspicion that in *The Green Goddess* Mr. Archer has catered for and satisfied them all.

The play is as eclectic as theosophy and as non-committal. Except poetry no element that ever entered the theatre seems to have been omitted. A "strong" story, a love triangle, situations worthy of the Lyceum, political satire and literary references to people like Marcel Proust which appeased the restless *intelligentsia*, *décor* for His Majesty's satellites, adventure for the adventurous and sentiment for the sentimental, excellent acting parts for almost everybody, some stage Cockney for those whose passion for mispronunciation finds satisfaction therein; and finally a happy ending and a cynical little final sentence which brushes away any slight doubt one might have as to the entire satisfactoriness of the arrangements of Fate. A *tour de force* in the combination of the elements of success.

The main result is melodrama. But all successful stage work from the Greeks through Shakespeare to the more noteworthy of the dramatists of to-day is melodramatic. Melodrama in its clear issues and posteresque mannerisms seems to satisfy a basic human need, in language which the ordinary playgoer can understand. I am minded of a little dialogue which was revealed to me at the door of the Lyceum. It consisted of five words, and its *dramatis personæ* were a typical second nighter to the Lyceum stalls and the doorkeeper. Its full flavour can only be obtained if it be read with the blasé drawl of the bored Cockney, and its full significance only if it be applied as a statement of Universal Need. I quote:

Tobacconist-cum-publican Stallite: "Aeny muurders?"

The Imperturbable Sergeant: "Noow, on'y dools."

It is not unimportant in the light of that revelation of human mentality that Mr. Archer has given us two murders on the stage, and kept our attention throughout the whole play upon the likelihood of many more. I am tempted to think that much of the failure of modern high-brow drama lies in the effort to put off a murder-hungry public with duels, but that is a speculation which cannot be indulged

whilst considering William Archer's play wherein no such substitution is attempted.

I return from the digression to this synthetic drama. Its story is an adventure and love story of the highest *Strand Magazine* type. The aeroplane party wrecked in the state " beyond the Himalayas," and thus helplessly delivered into the hands of a race of religious fanatics who are determined to sacrifice them to their goddess as expiation for the lives of the three of their own tribe whom the Indian Government has condemned to death, the struggle between their wits and those of the cynical Raja who has added to Eastern cruelty the perfect sophistication of the West and all its scientific appliances, the final outwitting of their captors by strategic doings with wireless telegraphy and more aeroplanes; these things alone ensure an exciting " fable." When to these are added a complete triangle drama within the bounds of the aeroplane party, complicated by the Raja's preparedness to let the lady have her life, see her children, and save her lover from torture if she will become his Ranee, it will be observed that there is full measure well pressed down of narrative interest. For only one moment in the recital does the bright light of probability flicker, and that is when Mr. Archer too easily delivers the wireless instrument into their hands and then allows the worldly-wise Raja to accept as truth the dying lie of the conveniently sacrificed husband. The neatness of his removal from the path of the heroine and the lover carries us past this momentary awkwardness, however, and the story moves forward to its climax through a series of thrills which would satisfy a kinema audience.

Since it was of the melodramatic *genre* Mr. Archer did not need to do anything very subtle with the characterisation. They dealt in broad issues broadly. Certainly the Raja was an interesting study—a literary man's version of Mr. Wu—and much of what he had to say was a satire upon Western ideas and institutions, so that one whole part of the audience drew their evening's sustenance from this purely intellectual reaction. There were moments of critical detachment when the unfolding of the play looked like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, everybody marvellously receiving his or her portion of universal provision.

Added to William Archer's dramatic success was

the histrionic one of George Arliss. His part gave him every chance any actor could desire (one is tempted to say, "of course"), and he certainly took them. It was a study in perfect sophistication, which he let down only at one moment when he made the rather comic entrance in the third act. He took the scenes—the passion scenes, the suave scenes, the decorative scenes, the action scenes, every variety of scene which had been so thoughtfully provided for him—with a sureness of command which would have carried through a play of much looser construction than Mr. Archer's. Isobel Elsom, too, with a much more obvious part, puts in some very satisfying work, forcing her note a good deal as the writing seems to demand of her. Arthur Hatherton's Watkins, to my mind, missed fire. Even William Archer nodded, and his Cockney bore little resemblance to the real article. With memories of that other brilliant play, Charles McEvoy's *The Likes of Her*, which is at present succeeding so deservedly at the St. Martin's, one could not accept either Mr. Archer's or Mr. Hatherton's version of the person. It is almost a relief to find something lacking in dexterity in the production, however, so we will not cavil at Watkins.

William Archer's play has given a promising send-off to the autumn season in the London theatre. I wonder whether the long-looked-for and long-delayed production of Flecker's *Hassan*, which will be in actual existence before this article appears, will out-Archer him, for that play too, if one's reading may be trusted, will have this amasthenic dramatic quality, giving spectacle, melodrama, ballet, human interest, everything we have ever been to the theatre to see. Since *Hassan* is sheer poetry as well it may even outvie Mr. Archer, but for the nonce he holds the palm, or as Watkins would have it "tiëeks the ciëek."

William Archer solemnly assures us that this play came to him in a dream. The assertion wipes away the last faint traces of the oil from that lamp which has been burning since 1884. It belongs not to the study illumined only by a bust of Ibsen gleaming like the Aurora Borealis above the well-lined book-cases, not to the arc-lit regions which stretch from Broadway to Piccadilly, but to dreamland itself. Since that revelation I feel certain that most of the younger dramatists have taken to eating cheese for supper.

Pillory

Murder, and "The Labour Monthly"

If the late Dr. Crippen, or any other murderer of equal fame, had been invited, after conviction, to write an article on economics in an English monthly magazine, probably the action of the editor who extended that invitation to him might have been regarded with some surprise. For there are decencies in journalism, as in other departments of human activity, and that an atrocious criminal should be asked to instruct the public is to that public an insult. Apparently, however, in the literary world of the Labour Party prejudices of this sort do not obtain. For in *The Labour Monthly* for September the article given pride of place was by no less distinguished a slaughterer than "N. Lenin." Amongst those who have put to death with every circumstance of hideous and deliberate brutality vast numbers of their fellow creatures, this man holds a position unrivalled in modern times. To find his parallel, at any rate in Europe, we should have to go back to the sixteenth century and the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands.

Ten years ago the infliction of wholesale death, accompanied in immense numbers of cases with revolting torture, upon millions of people for alleged political offences was a possibility supposed to have been banished from the civilised world. *The Labour Monthly's* contributor, however, aided by other friends of our British revolutionaries, has shown the vanity of that belief. In the scale of his barbarities he has surpassed the exploits of the Spanish butchers and emulated those of an earlier age attributed to Genghis Khan. His achievements in this direction are beyond the reach of cavil or dispute. Apart from all other sources of knowledge, we have his Government's official admission of having executed over seventeen hundred thousand human beings, of both sexes and all ranks, peasants, merchants, doctors, priests.

If to all those thus "officially" removed from the earth

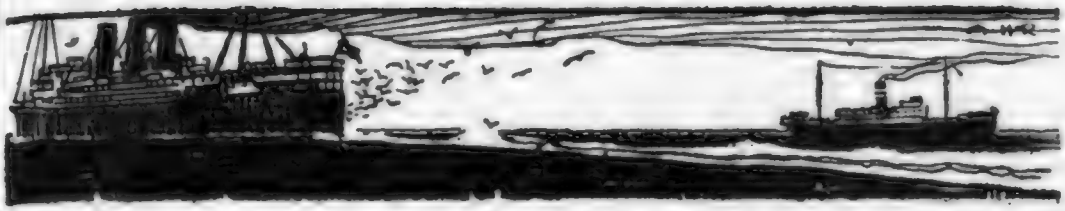
by the administration of which Lenin has been the guiding spirit were added the full tale of those murdered unofficially in Russia since his despotism was first established, it is certain that even the number of victims named would be far exceeded, while were we to include the many millions of hapless wretches whom the disintegration of Russian agriculture and industry wrought by his policy has brought to the grave, it is probable that even the Huns who devastated the Roman Empire in the fifth century of our era would have to hide their diminished heads. Death, indeed, has seldom had such an ally as Lenin.

Now we are well aware that the framework of civilisation has received within the last decade many blows. Ideas of humanity and of respect for human life which, before the war, had become regarded as fundamental have received heavy shocks. But we hold that, in the name of that civilisation and in defence of that humanity, protest should still be made against an outrage so great as the obtrusion of the views of this indescribable, blood-soaked miscreant upon English readers. It cannot be contended by any Englishmen, in whom the traditions of England still live, that crimes so enormous as those for which Lenin has an irremovable responsibility should be ignored. Yet they are ignored, if his views are allowed to be published in an English periodical without expostulation from any quarter. More than this, *The Labour Monthly*, though it may not be connected in any strict sense with the Labour Party in the House of Commons, is yet closely associated with the Socialist movement which that party has so unhappily made its own. It stands, as would appear from its September number, alike for Communism and for all those exploded fallacies of Karl Marx which the Labour Party still hug to their heart. By their approval of the ghastly rule which Lenin and his fellow criminals have instituted in Russia, the Labour Party has already in practical effect gone far to condone the immense bloodshed and the dire cruelties which that rule has caused. If it fail now to repudiate the action of an organ which is certainly nearly affiliated to it, in allowing an inhuman monster to use its columns, it brings the taint of his guilt closer to its being. Scarcely will it thus commend itself to the voters of this country.

One reflection which occurs with irresistible force in considering not only the publication of Lenin's article, but the whole Communist and Socialist propaganda in Britain, is the utter impossibility of finding a parallel to it in corresponding counter propaganda in Russia. This is, according to the Socialist teaching on which the Labour Party has battened and fattened for a generation past, a down-trodden, benighted land where the bloated capitalist tramples upon the poor working man. It is a capitalistic State, than which no greater enemy to liberty is supposed to be conceivable. Yet in this Egyptian darkness, in this region of bonds, thought is free, its utterance—even when fiercely denunciatory of the very existence of such a State—is unimpeded, and the freedom of the Press is absolute within limits whose width has never been exceeded.

Now look at the other side of the shield. Is the Press free in Russia? Are the opponents of Communism granted unobstructed utterance in the empire where democracy is imagined to reign and where Lenin is supreme? He has for all objectors one final answer—and that answer is death.

It seems worth while here to point out that in any State where the central idea of Socialism, that is, the nationalisation of all industry and enterprise, is carried into effect, the complete extinction of the liberty of the Press necessarily follows. There will be no publisher but the State. There can be no newspapers except State newspapers. And under those conditions, how would or could the State permit the publication of any views, any opinions, save those which it approved? Thought would be enchained, as though under some mediæval hierarchy. All that clash of ideas, all that expression of divergent minds, to which we are accustomed under our much-maligned capitalist system, where private enterprise is still permitted to lift its head, would be as dead as are the Christian priests in Russia who have dared to reprobate Lenin's doctrines. This is but one instance of that universal slavery which Socialism entails. A Socialist State would be, as we have seen in the case of Russia, the prison of thought, as it would also be (even as it is now in that empire) the grave of morality. It would be, as Russia is, the cemetery of whatever is noble in the heart of man.



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Books

BIOGRAPHY.

LADY ROSE WEIGALL. By RACHEL WEIGALL. John Murray. 12*s.* net.

MISS WEIGALL'S pious task is more than justified for the public at large by the remarkably varied experiences of her mother's life. Born in the Court circle, daughter of an ambassador, great-niece of the Great Duke, with parents, uncles, and brothers distinguished by the friendships of the great, Lady Rose spent the first part of her life as the playfellow of Royalties, and in the intimacies of great political and literary figures of her day, whilst her married life was devoted to unostentatious pioneering in good works in London and Thanet. One gets charming glimpses of Wellington as an old man, the ex-Emperor William as a child of eighteen months, of Carlyle, Gladstone, Salisbury, Dizzy, Browning, Dickens, Jenny Lind, and a host of other giants, at close range—snapshots which glow with something that official portraiture misses. The courts of Pious Billy's Prussia, of Vienna, and of France under Napoleon III. and Eugénie, together with glances at our

own Victorian Court personages, all seen through kind and friendly eyes, afford delightful little vignettes of world-famed personalities seen with sincerity by a clever and charming girl, who yet made leisure in her busy and happy girlhood to be amongst the first to start night schools in her paternal village. A pioneer lady guardian, she practically initiated the cottage home system as an alternative to Bumbledom. She started the summer camps' movement for town lads, and Newport Market School, the House Boys' Brigade, Girls' Training Homes and Mothercraft movements, which her bright mind and capacious heart brought into existence. Living from the accession of Queen Victoria until the end of the war, Lady Rose saw tremendous social ameliorations come about, and in her own faithful and modest way contributed remarkably to the betterment movement. Much of this capital biography is from her own hand, reminiscences written for her children and letters to and from a wide circle of correspondents. These Miss Weigall has arranged and connected with a most interesting continuity, with an inherited faculty for neat and pleasing expression. A capital portrait by her artist husband, Henry Weigall, a portrait of the Duke by the same hand, an intimate photograph of Lady Rose and her husband in old age, and one of the St. Lawrence house, which was so great a centre of happiness and fun; these, and a good subject index, complete this impressive life story.

FICTION.

THE PITIFUL WIFE. By STORM JAMESON. Constable. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MISS JAMESON, aiming at sublimity, comes so near to attaining it that great names in literature tend to come into mind as we seek for comparisons. She falls short of greatness only in that she is still a little incoherent in her utterance because of the lyricism of her style, but in this new book she has advanced far from her earlier formlessness. Jael and Richmond caught and held in the bittersweet torment of their married love are made as real as the moorland country which Storm Jameson depicts with such understanding surety. Over against them stands the terrible creation of John Trude, like the incarnate evil of the world. The book gets back to elementals. It is concerned with beauty as Keats was concerned with it, knowing that its passing, its spoiling, is the unendurable thing. That is what makes the tragedy of Jael's betrayal so irrevocable and so poignant, and that of her brother's lamed leg, and the death of Paul. Miss Jameson's method is invariably that of dealing rather with the aftermath of events than with events themselves. There is, one feels, a certain weakness in the final incident of this book. After the fine passages between Jael and Richmond, the relaxation of tension comes almost as anti-climax, but perhaps it would have been unendurable to have closed on the note which is sounded in those passages. Or perhaps Miss Jameson is as symbolic—as sacramental—as one is tempted to believe sometimes in reading this book; and this incident of the salvation through the life snatched back for new unspoiled beginnings is her final comment on the elemental problems her book raises.

BOOKS

GENERAL LITERATURE.

WRITTEN IN FRIENDSHIP. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.*

AFTER *Set Down in Malice* one looks to Gerald Cumberland for that kind of audacity which justifies its bad manners by its brilliance. And *Written in Friendship* is disappointing. The piquancy of the earlier book is missing save in occasional passages; in its place there is something of a dull, respectable flavour. One feels so sure that the English intelligentsia are more interesting than this bewildering pageant who hurry through Mr. Cumberland's pages. Their multitude brings the book perilously near *Who's Who*; their recorded remarks read with an incredible dulness; it is only when Mr. Cumberland intersperses his occasionally inspired judgments that the book redeems itself. Then, and in his occasionally inspired phrases, as when he talks of *The Athenæum* disappearing into the "eager but milkless bosom of *The Nation*" (even there a little thought would have made him file away "disappears"). Moreover, the book lacks form—not the "good form" of public school ideals, but literary form, which is much more important, I assume, to Mr. Cumberland. It is too like London Bridge at nine o'clock in the morning. And that is not good enough for a book about the people who are interesting, if anybody in our social life can claim to be so.

HISTORICAL.

THE INQUISITION. By HOFFMAN NICKERSON. John Bale, Sons and Danielson. 15*s.* net.

MR. NICKERSON'S admirable story of the political and military events which led to the establishment of the Inquisition is a remarkably lucid and impartial study of the forces at work in the mediæval world, when the one stable power, which seemed destined to reconcile all differences and co-ordinate all ambitions, was centred in Rome, and when, consequently, a spiritual revolt aimed at the central authority was as intolerable as mutiny in an army on a war footing. The Inquisition stinks in our nostrils, but its beginnings were of the mildest, and we see a succession of monks using persuasion and preaching tours to affected centres by devoted poor friars who took their lives, and nothing else, in their hands. There were burnings, of course, by zealous municipalities and nobles, but the Inquisition began, at least, with methods of mildness. All this is excellently set forth: the very spirit of the thirteenth century as well as the wars of long ago are reconstituted in studious and lively prose. A really fine piece of historical writing—and then one comes upon the Epilogue upon Prohibition, and remembers that the dedication said something about the idea of the book occurring to its author whilst lobbyists for Prohibition were disturbing his term in the New York State Legislature.

Mr. Nickerson compares and contrasts this new tyranny with the old, and his analysis of the underlying motives which actuated the Inquisition and the Eighteenth Amendment makes the latter seem to be

the product of sour and shabby puritanism, a killjoy greed, whilst the former is almost a dreadful war of archangels for the beauty and glory of God's freedom. As for the burnings and tortures—well, faith and nerves were stronger; and how about burnt negro ravishers? Is there a similarity between the Albigensian revolt against clerical abuses, growing into hatred of all beauty and symbolism, a despite of joy and colour in life, and the ascetic puritanism which exorcises cakes and ale from an interested motive? Perhaps there is: anyway, Mr. Nickerson is so convinced and so eloquent that he makes a good case for his comparison; but we must not carry the analogy too far, or the adventurous bootlegger would get a halo as well as 25% a month. Suffice it that this latter-day tyranny has stirred Mr. Nickerson to the production of an excellent chapter of history, done with insight and scholarship. Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes a preface in which he praises the military expertness of the reconstructed sieges and battles and gives sympathetic approval to the spirit of the book; but one ends with the conviction that so strenuous a champion of individual liberty as the author would have been found amongst the rebels had he lived in Toulouse seven or eight hundred years ago.

A Land of Opportunities. By E. J. Stuart, J.P. Lane. 10*s.* 6*d.*

In 1917 the exploratory trip to the little-known north-west territory of Australia was undertaken and carried out in the interests of a syndicate bent on discovering and exploiting the resources in which this much-envied but little-known part of the Australian continent was believed to be rich. The fact that publication of this interesting record has been delayed by application for "concessions both on sea and land" from the State Government will be salient in the mind of the reader who learns of copper and iron deposits, a teeming abundance of animal life, the productivity of the soil and its suitability for cattle-rearing. Of the climate little is said except that it is possible to sleep in the open all the year round. The journey extended from May to October, the Antipodean winter, and very few whites were encountered. The natives are numerous, and seem to be a much finer race than the common idea of the black fellow suggests. Many of them are hostile; but that they are amenable to mission influences also appears. On the whole, the impression left by a plain tale of difficult and dangerous navigation of the coast and many trips in the hinterland, as well as by the very numerous good photographs, is that the North-West of Australia is a desirable and fertile land, full of game, with its waters teeming with fish: that so far the pearl fisheries, with their head-quarters at Broome, and a few scattered stations and missions are all that enterprise has done to develop a territory as big as half Europe, which, it is hinted, contains mineral wealth alone sufficient to make it valuable. Mr. Stuart's diary of the trip, confessedly expurgated in the interests of his syndicate, is sufficient to stimulate the curiosity and perhaps the cupidity of the adventurous, but it is far too indefinite in its information to cause the rush of vigorous white settlers which is editorially desiderated. As a plain tale of journeyings in little-known Australia this story has considerable interest.

BOOKS

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE. By H. GORDON SELFRIDGE. The Bodley Head. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. SELFRIDGE has taken great pains in collecting a mass of historical fragments relating to Commerce and the Great Men of Commerce. Probably no other single volume covers the ground so comprehensively; from the outlines of the trading practised by the Chinese and Phœnicians to the conduct of the modern "department store." Brief sketches of the lives of British and other merchant princes show evidence of very industrious research and are not without interest, but the true "romance" seems to be lacking. One would imagine that one of the most romantic features of British trading would be the East India Company; but this remarkable organisation is passed over in a page or two concerned mostly with the activities of the Middleton family. No mention whatever is made of the rival company established in 1698, nor is there any reference to the progress of the company after the death of Captain Middleton in 1613. The Hudson's Bay Company is dealt with at greater length, and we wonder if this is because it has "outlived all its contemporaries, and is still strong and full of energy." Possibly the author's love of business, which is obvious in almost every paragraph, is stronger than his feeling for romance. The great German firm, the Deutches Handlung und Plantagen Gesellschaft, which so successfully developed and exploited groups of islands in the South Seas, somewhat on the lines of our own East India Company, should also have proved rich material for the seeker after romance; but, although a whole chapter is devoted to "The Fuggers of Augsburg" and another to "The Hanseatic League," while due credit is given to other successful German merchants, no mention is made of "the Big Firm," as Stevenson called it.

There is an atmosphere of "special pleading," almost of apology, about this book which leaves the reader unconvinced of the idealism and "romance of commerce" which presumably inspired its composition. One feels a greater enthusiasm and belief in the possible idealism of commerce when reading that vigorous and rather racy book of Gerald Stanley Lee's—*Inspired Millionaires*. To those who are already interested in business, however, *The Romance of Com-*

BOOKS REVIEWED OR ADVERTISED
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can be obtained through any of the 1,000 branches of
W. H. SMITH & SON
Head Office: Strand House, London, W.C.2

merce will prove a mine of information and a stimulant to the imagination. The work is profusely illustrated with excellent reproductions of old pictures and portraits.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

FAR AND FEW. By DAVID CLEGHORN THOMSON. Basil Blackwell. *2s. 6d.*

THIS booklet of poems is No. 2 of a series ("Adventurers All") of "Young Poets Unknown to Fame," an admirable adventure in publishing; but there is no touch of the emancipated poetaster about this Mr. Thomson. His forty-odd numbers are fugitive pieces, little impressions of aspects and emotions, in verse of academic perfection, rhythmical, often musical, and more than decently done. Some are so brief and so packed with suggestion that they have the charm of a Chinese poem, in which everything but the outline is left to the reader. "At Lonningarth by Portinscale" is the well-chosen title of one of the best of these poetic snapshots: it gives a picture of an old peasant mowing with a scythe, indifferent, in the sunshine, to all the surrounding beauty—a little sketch full of colour done with direct and competent touches—the kind of thing which Mr. Thomson does well. "After the Dance" is the mood of youth adrift in the dark winter streets when he has had a stimulating time, but in this sort of mood he is not so happy. Distinctly a landscape man, best when most passionless.

POEMS. By ALISTER MACKENZIE. The Porpoise Press. *1s.*

THIS broadsheet of eight pages and cover is also one of a series designed to give us a taste of young poets' quality, a sort of preliminary canter, far better for all concerned than the more pretentious volume with which all reviewers are sadly familiar. Mr. Mackenzie is found to be furiously obscure in some of his phrases, but immensely alive with the passion to utter, and, here and there, striking a high and splendid note. When he shall have tamed his Pegasus sufficiently to ride him without quite so much stardust of decorative words he will be capable of communicating the mood with which he is on fire. At these samples one finds oneself, here and there, inclined to smile—not superior but indulgent; for this is stuff of high promise. Alister Mackenzie has got the tune and is bound to find the words.

The Devil's Own

THE Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps (known as The Devil's Own) have produced a very complete Roll of Honour, containing as far as possible the names, addresses and record of every individual who joined the Corps from the commencement to the end of the late war.

The price of this book is 10s., and copies can be obtained from Lt.-Col. Erleigh at the Corps Headquarters, 10, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2, or through local newsagents. A copy of this Roll of Honour has been graciously accepted by His Majesty the King.

Correspondence

"The Failure of the Panel System"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The Panel System is not a failure. It has not developed to the extent hoped for by many, but that is largely owing to the war. In very many directions it has made good. Those of us who remember the deplorable state of Medicine in the back streets in pre-Insurance Act days see in the Panel System a giant stride forward. In the old days the wage-earning population could not afford to be ill. There was little surplus money for doctors' fees, and, only too often, no money at all for sick-room comforts. The prospective doctor's bill was thought of with dread, and avoided altogether quite often, with disastrous consequences.

True, many wage-earners paid into sick clubs; but the capitation fees of those clubs were so small that "The Club Doctor" was forced to undertake the care of far more club members than he could look after properly, in order to pay his way. The results, not infrequently, were deplorable.

The Panel System does at least provide for each wage-earner a doctor; and, more often than not, that doctor is competent and keen to do his best for his patients. After all, a very great proportion of the Panel Doctors of to-day are the General Practitioners of pre-Insurance Act days—men in whom the public had confidence. The rest are the younger men, fresh from the medical schools; and many of these have had exceptional clinical or laboratory experience during the war. On the whole, the Panel System is well staffed.

We are told that there is discontent among Panel Doctors, mainly because of "the official control of the duly qualified practitioner of medicine." . . . What does this "official control" amount to?

1.—*We are expected to keep records.* But every doctor worth his salt keeps records. He cannot do efficient work without them.

2.—*Our records are open to inspection.* But so are the records of the officers of other public services. The inspection is not necessarily inquisitorial. From our record cards much useful information can be, and is, obtained.

3.—*We ourselves are supervised.* The Regional Medical Officers look us up occasionally in the most friendly manner, discuss local medical problems, and listen to suggestions for the improvement of the Service. The people who resent this must either have uneasy consciences, or be unhealthily self-centred.

4.—*We have to give certificates according to rule.* That is not unreasonable. Large sums of money change hands as a result of our

certificates. If those certificates were given in a haphazard manner, financial chaos would follow pretty soon.

5.—*We are liable to be called upon to appear before the Medical Services (Complaints) Sub-Committee.* But this happens only when some aggrieved patient, or approved society official, has lodged a complaint. Men who are doing their work properly have no fear of this tribunal. It gives them an opportunity to refute groundless charges.

We are told, "*The doctor must be careful that his prescription does not cost more than a minimum sum, or remain liable for the refund of the excess price.*" That statement is misleading. The truth is that a doctor can order any drug for his patient, but he is expected not to be extravagant. Drugs are paid for out of public funds. If the doctor can shew good cause for the prescribing of drugs, however expensive, his action will be upheld. The judges are Panel Doctors of his district.

"*A practitioner must not be allowed to exercise his powers beyond what he regards as the money value of the capitation grant.*"

That statement is grotesque. There is nothing to prevent a Panel Doctor from performing major operations if he is competent, and wants to. If he likes, he can claim the right to make a charge; but it does not necessarily follow that he does anything of the sort.

The Panel Doctor is not the down-trodden worm imagined by certain folk. As a rule, he is a man who knows his job, and does it without undue fuss.

Faithfully yours,

Walsall. FRANK G. LAYTON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

August 7th, 1923.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Neither of your contributors, in considering whether the panel system has or has not failed, has asked what that system was intended to do, and without this first question the second cannot be answered. The main object of compulsory health insurance was to ameliorate the health conditions of the mass of the people. In the words of Mr. Lloyd George, "the servant-maid is to receive the same treatment as the duchess," "hotels in the country" were to be provided for those afflicted with tuberculosis, out-patient treatment at hospitals and the system of medical relief obtaining under the Poor Law were to be superseded. In short, a hygienic millennium was proclaimed. The possible effect on the medical profession was not considered.

(1) It would be idle for anyone to pretend that the health of the community has been improved merely because every insured person can drink as much cheap medicine as his doctor can be induced to order; (2) the treatment of the servant-maid differs from the treatment extended to the duchess; (3) the hotels in the country are to let; (4) the hospitals, fortunately, continue to treat out-patients; (5) the Poor Law system, having no restrictions as to the quality or cost of medicines, is, in that essential, superior to the system obtaining under the Health Insurance Acts, and the "refreshing fruit" still hangs out of reach.

Not one of the avowed objects of the panel system has been accomplished, but it has done other things. In the first place, it has commercialised the medical profession, that is, the panel section; they have sold themselves into slavery for an assured income; a small portion of the lower ranks have formed themselves into a Trade Union wherein they haggle with their masters respecting their wages. In the second place, it has divided the profession in twain, and we now have doctors and panel doctors; the former, the best of the profession, stand aloof and will not touch the panel with the end of a stethoscope. In the third place, it has abolished the old nice relationship of friend and patient, substituting therefor the humiliating one of servant and master. So much is this the case that the Ministry of Health has this week declared that when a message is sent to a doctor in terms of urgency, even if he is already in attendance and knows there is no urgency, he is not to use his own discretion in the matter, but must visit that patient immediately at any hour of the day or night, and if he fails to do so, *whether the case was really urgent or not*, he will be guilty of a "breach of the terms of service," and will incur penalties. A practitioner so charged was informed that he must visit on the instant "to allay the anxiety of a wife or husband," with whom he has no contract and to whom he owes no duty.

These are some of the things which the panel system has done.

Dr. Day denies the statement of Dr. Blackhall-Morison that the panel prescription must not cost more than a minimum sum, or the practitioner will be liable to pay the excess.

Dr. Blackhall-Morison should have said that any practitioner who orders anything "above the average" in quantity or price must justify such ordering to the Panel Committee, and if that body is not satisfied the practitioner will be surcharged. He will order duchess medicines for servant-girls at his peril.

The panel system has failed because the authorities hitherto have not made it sufficiently attractive to induce the better qualified men, those with good private practices, to associate themselves with it. The rank and file are there to a man, but not the elect, and no system which has for its aim the conquest of disease can ever be successful unless the whole body of the medical profession join in co-operation.

Yours truly,

CHARLES H. PRING, M.A.
(Fellow of Royal Society of Medicine).

Middle Temple.
Sept. 6.

The Coming Imperial Conference

A MOMENTOUS EVENT.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—To all those who love the Empire—and surely their name is Legion!—this coming Imperial Conference must have the deepest significance.

To one who has lived for thirty years in the greatest of our Dominions—Canada—as I have done, and who has made something of a study of the relations between the Mother Country and her Overseas Dominions, I go as far as to say that this Conference is the turning-point of our future as a commonwealth of nations welded together not only by ties of blood, but locked together by the more lasting ties of inter-imperial trade and commerce—preferential tariffs within the Empire for goods, for postage, for wireless, for emigration and air services.

There is no question in my mind that our Empire with proper administration can be made almost entirely self-supporting. We hold the key to solve the problem of unemployment in our hands if we choose to take the proper measures to ensure "Trade within the Empire" and emigration also.

I do not hesitate to say that we have reached the parting of the ways; we must either build up *now* and draw closer together, or drift apart, which means, in plain language, the breaking up of our Empire. It is most regrettable to see the ignorance of, and the apathy towards, our Dominions displayed by so large a body of the people at home. It is the plain duty of the Press and all those who love their country to use every effort at the present time and in the immediate future to press the Government to use every means to show our Dominions that we intend to put the welfare of the Empire *first*, and not the interests of the foreigner, as we have been too much inclined to do in the past.

I can assure the British public that the generous-hearted Canadians, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders and Indians who came in their thousands when the call went up—"The Empire is in danger"—are awaiting eagerly the signal from the Mother Country to trade imperially. It is only in this way that we can hope to hold intact the greatest Empire the world has yet seen.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. ECKFORD.

Mavishaugh, St. Andrews.

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